september 15c

modern screen

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

BING CROSBY

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SHOW THE WORLD
A LOVELIER SKIN!

BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!

MORE LUXURY!
MORE LATHER!

SAME FINE,
SMOOTH TEXTURE!

DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

BE LOVELIER—
HEAD TO TOE!

BEVIES OF BEAUTIES
ARE SINGING
ITS PRAISES!

Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!



CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR
CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

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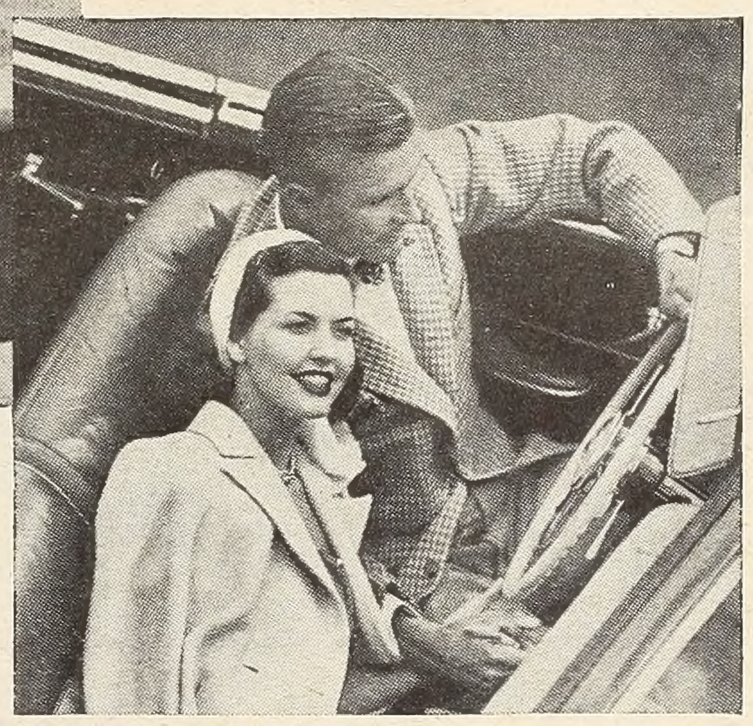
"Dates are such Fun!"

says this sparkling junior model



And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

Having a high time is no novelty for luscious New Yorker, Louise Hyde. A radiant personality with a radiant Ipana smile, 20-year-old Louise is a top-flight Thornton model. And as for *dates*—Louise has a calendarful. Her smile is a magnet for the lads! For a date-winning smile of your own, follow Louise's "model" dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!



Under the spell of Louise's enchanting smile, her handsome date, Bill Loock, dreams as he drives. Clever Louise—to *guard* that date-bait smile with Ipana! For more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent national survey shows.



Air-minded. Louise is learning the know-how of flying. But she doesn't need coaching in care of her teeth and gums. She knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never misses her Ipana dental care!



This is fun, too! Louise loves Ipana's livelier flavor—the way it leaves her mouth refreshed, her breath sweet. Try Ipana! And follow *your* dentist's advice about gum massage. (9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey.)

Ipana *Tooth Paste*
for your Smile of Beauty



Product of Bristol-Myers

SEPTEMBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

stories

THE GREATEST GIFT (Frank Sinatra) ..... by Kirtley Baskette 16
STRICTLY FROM DIXIE (Bing Crosby) ..... by Hedda Hopper 36
MY BROTHER IS A FAKE! (Bob Mitchum) ..... by Julie Mitchum 38
THE GARNER GANG (Peggy Ann Garner) 40
MY FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS ..... by Cobina Wright 44
FUN HOUSE (June Allyson-Dick Powell) ..... by Jane Wilkie 46
HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST ROMANCE (Guy Madison-Gail Russell) by Jack Wade 50
JOAN OF ARC (Ingrid Bergman) ..... by Jose Ferrer 52
"I'M GOING TO MARRY TY!" (Tyrone Power) ..... by Linda Christian 56
I HATED MYSELF . . . . by Burt Lancaster 58
HOW LONG CAN YOU STAY GREAT? (Ginger Rogers) ..... by George Benjamin 60
MR. GRANT BUILDS A DREAM (Cary Grant) ..... by Erskine Johnson 64
THE CASE OF THE GULLIBLE BRIDE (Lana Turner) ..... by Kaaren Pieck 66
THE NEW TARZAN (Lex Barker) 68
THERE WAS A GIRL . . . . by Alida Valli 70
THEY WANT TO GET MARRIED (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) by David McClure 74

features

TO OUR READERS 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6
DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS: "Rope" 32
CHALLENGE TO HOLLYWOOD 35

departments

REVIEWS ..... by Jean Kinkead 22
INFORMATION DESK ..... by Beverly Linet 33
FASHION ..... by Constance Bartel 77
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot" ..... by Leonard Feather 88
THE FANS ..... by Shirley Frohlich 100

ON THE COVER: BING CROSBY





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GREER GARSON misbehaves... WALTER PIDGEON loves it!





Two great stars as you've never seen them before . . . clowning, kissing, kidding, cavorting, in **M-G-M's** comedy hit of the year.

Julia Misbehaves

PETER LAWFORD • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
CESAR ROMERO
LUCILLE WATSON • NIGEL BRUCE
MARY BOLAND • REGINALD OWEN

Directed by JACK CONWAY Produced by EVERETT RISKIN

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG, HARRY RUSKIN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON HOFFE
Based Upon the Novel "The Nutmeg Tree" by MARGERY SHARP

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

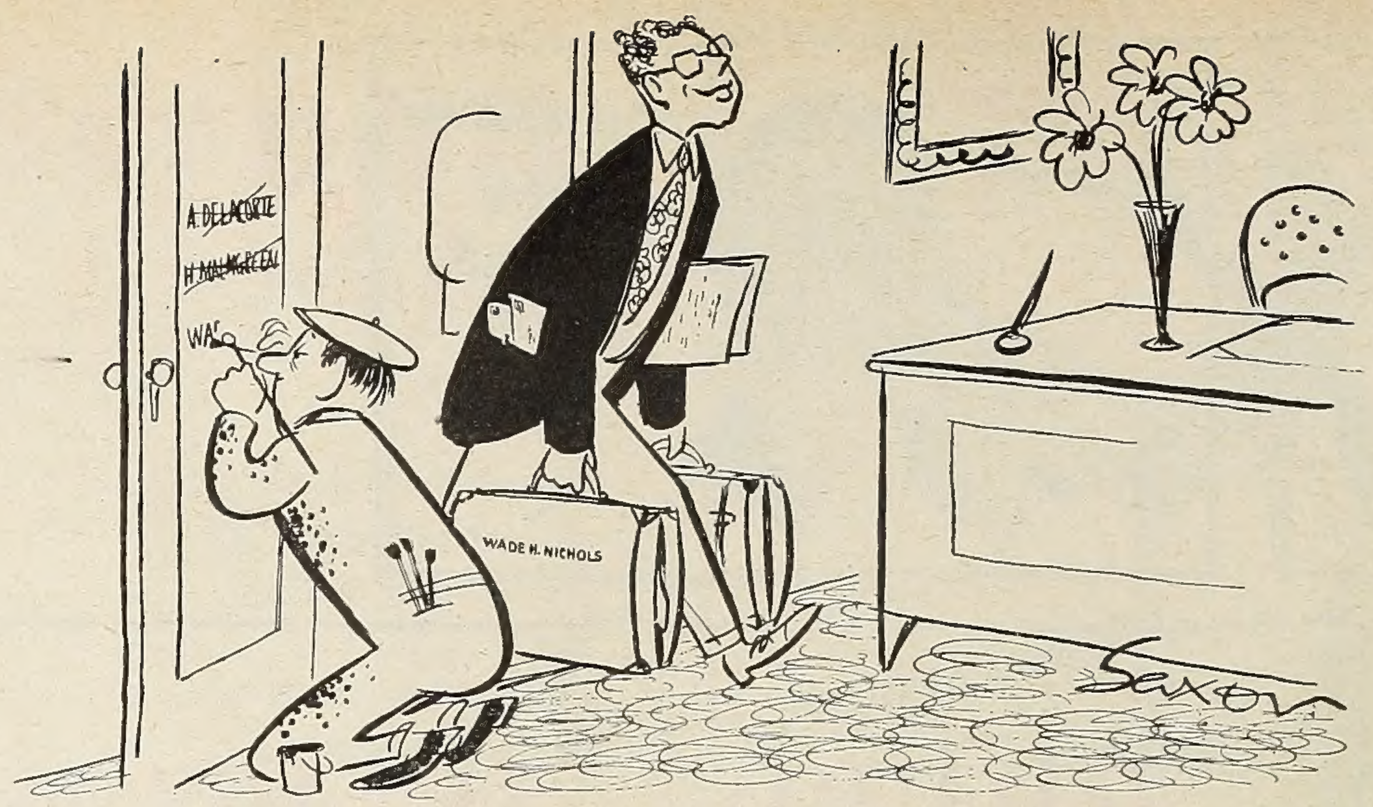
There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



To our Readers

HENRY MALMGREEN and I have been spending a lot of time lately weeping on each other's shoulders. It's not very dignified, but we never did feel good in stiff shirts. "Henry," I say, "this is the end." He nods his head, and hands me the towel. Sitting at my desk right now is the new editor of MODERN SCREEN. His name is Wade Nichols, and he's a swell fellow (I even let him use my typewriter). What's more, you'll probably love him better than you do me—which makes me even sadder . . .

BUT TALKING ABOUT my fading glory reminds me of a story in this issue. It's called "How Long Can You Stay Great?" We really don't know, but we did a little digging into the past of a few Hollywood ladies—Ginger Rogers for one, before and after her golden Oscar, Crawford for another, Myrna Loy—and by the time they got me out of the file cabinet I had more leg-art in my arms than you can shake a chorus line at. Some of it's there in pictures on page 62. Ah, all those gorgeous flappers I never got to wine . . .

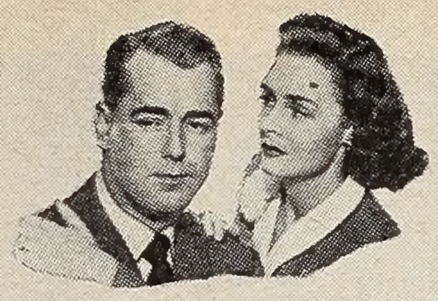
WHICH LEADS ME somehow to Jose Ferrer, the stage actor. Drunk with beauty—that man. Ingrid Bergman's the beauty. Jose's making his movie debut with her in *Joan Of Arc*. We managed to get him seated in our guest chair before we started work on him. "Loveliest woman in the world," he kept muttering, "a goddess." "Bergman?" we said. "Bergman," he said. I forced a pencil into his fist. "Write it down," I whispered menacingly. Jose did. And the story glows. It's on page 52. And the page glows. Really, there's a sort of golden haze . . .

CARY GRANT would know what I mean. About hazes. People say ever since Grant met Betsy Drake he's been walking around in one. Betsy's young and pretty, and last year she made a name for herself on the English stage. Well, she and Grant happened to be on the same boat coming back to America. Of course, they met. And it was a moonlit night. I'm a guy who takes boats . . . but I'm not bitter, and this "Mr. Grant Builds A Dream" is a nice story. It'll make you starry-eyed. It's on page 64.

BY THE WAY, I just noticed something about women. Maybe I'm slow to grasp things, but they finally come through to me. Take Hedda Hopper and Dixie Crosby when they get together. What do they talk about? Men. What do any two women talk about? Any three women?—Only Dixie can cover ground. Four boys and Bing. Hedda, who knows a little more about women than I do, has something to say herself. She says a person like Dixie ought to take a couple of bows. Turn to page 36 and you'll see what Hedda means. As for me—even if you don't want it, Dixie—here's my hand . . .

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE

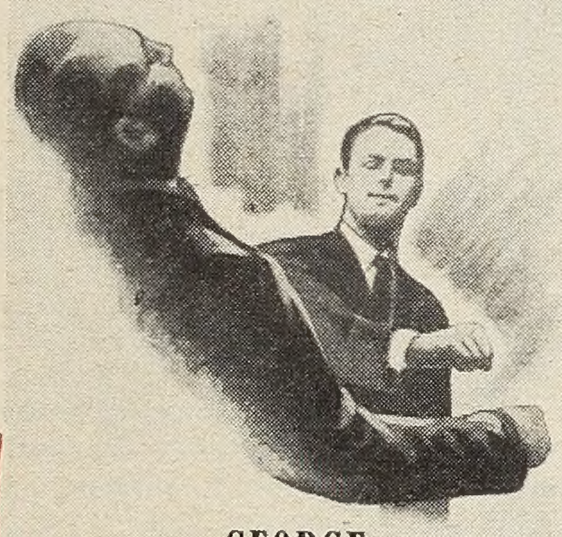


"How Can I Love You? You're The Wife Of The Man I Killed!"

The story of a strong man with ambition gone, on the edge of the precipice, staring numbly into disgrace and oblivion.

The story of a softly-radiant woman, whose tender inspiration leads him back to fight again and love again.

The story of an adventure where cowards quit early and weaklings never finish at all!

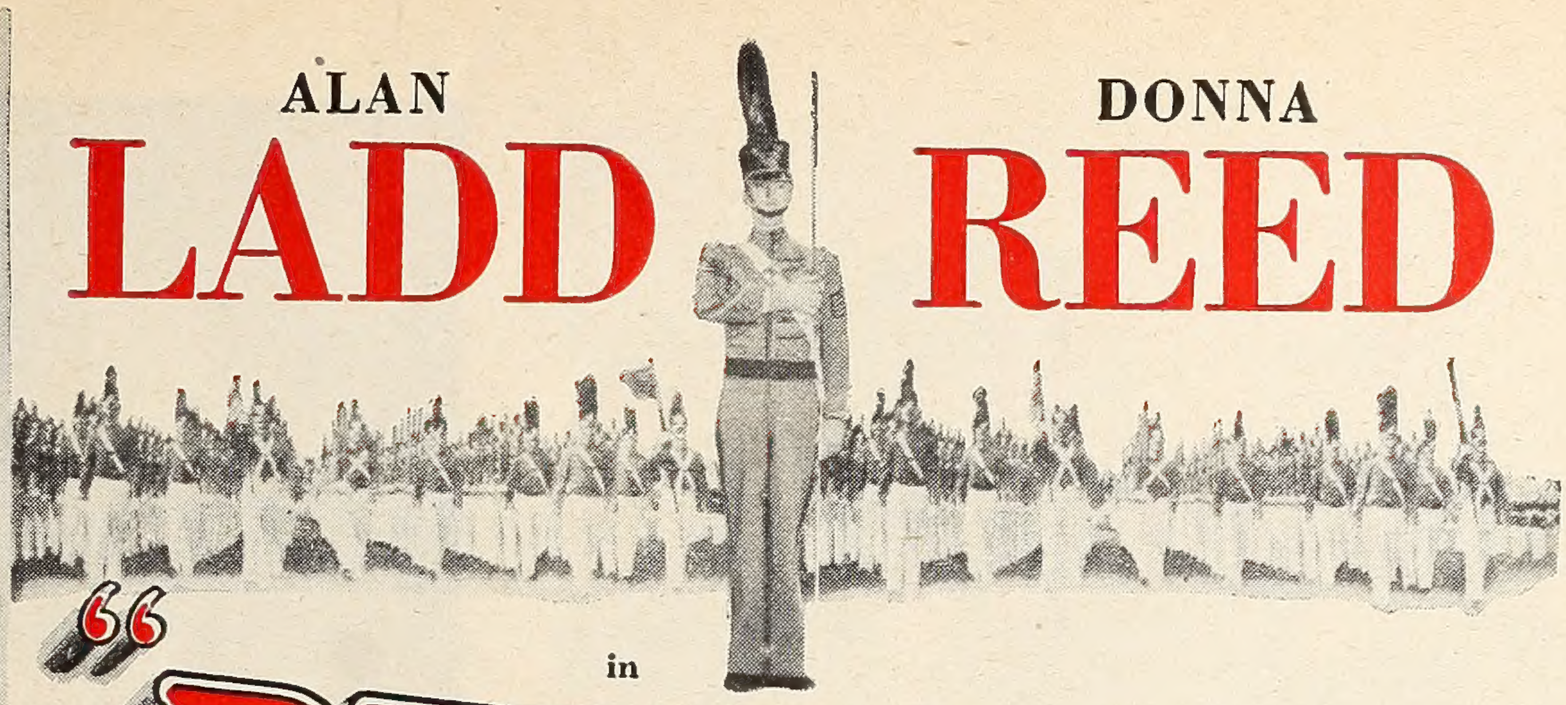


with GEORGE
MACREADY
GEORGE
COULOURIS
HAROLD
VERMILYEA
HENRY
TRAVERS

Produced by
ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed by
JOHN FARROW

Original Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer, Charles Marquis Warren and William Wister Haines

ALAN **LADD** DONNA **REED**



in

"BEYOND GLORY"

A Great Love Story That Comes Shining Through

A Paramount Picture



Ladd Lovers Will Shout: "I Told You So!" People Who Have Never Seen Him Before Will "Discover" A Great New Dramatic Star!

louella parsons' Good news



Liz Taylor shows a puzzled Farley Granger how to use chop-sticks. Marsh Thompson (rt.) knows the art. It's opening night at Ah Fong's, a Chinese restaurant on Vine St. Place is filled with expensive oriental figurines.



Kay Kyser gets a mouthful of Ah Fong's fried shrimp from Danny Kaye as Mrs. Kyser (Georgia Carroll) and Mrs. Kaye look on. Danny's planning to return to Broadway in the late fall to star in a new Cole Porter musical.



MODERN SCREEN has a new editor—he's Wade Nichols. Ciro's Herman Hover threw a party in his honor, and nobody wanted to go home. Guy Madison rhumbaed with Vera Ellen.



M-G-M celebrated opening of its FM radio station with a cocktail party. Among first to come were Johnnie Johnston and his wife Kathryn Grayson. The Johnstons are expecting their baby in Nov., will adopt another later.



Station K-M-G-M is one in a series that Metro plans to own and operate. Ben Gage, Larry Parks and Betty Garrett give the old rah-rah cheer for success. Larry left recently for stock work in Worcester, Mass.



K-M-G-M party was attended mostly by Metro players. Van Johnson brought wife Evie to opening ceremonies. Van's selling $125,000 mansion Metro lent him money to buy. He wants smaller house, no headaches.

■ Shur'n you wouldn't be knowin' your girl friend, so much has happened since I left Hollywood to "do" the Continent. Gulliver's got nothing on Parsons for travels.

At this writing, I've covered only Ireland and England for movie notes, but there is much to tell you.

Victor Mature and his *Kiss of Death* are both favorites in Ireland, the grand little island I've come to love so well. What wonderful people, the Irish—and how they love Americans and American films. Walt Disney is an idol and *Best Years of Our Lives* ran fourteen weeks.

If you think WE have all the gilded movie palace theaters in America, you should see the Savoy Theater, which seats 4,000 and has a world-famous restaurant operating along with the filmings—in Dublin, of course.

But Ireland has practically no film production, or stars, of its own so—let's move on to London where I met many of the British stars plus old friends from Hollywood who are over here making movies.

* * *

Buster Collier and his attractive wife, Stevie, gave me a welcoming cocktail party I shall never forget.

What a thrill it was to walk into their beautiful London apartment and find the first person to greet me—Spencer Tracy, that guy I love!

Spence is here making *Edward, My Son* with Deborah Kerr, and he has completely won the heart and respect of everyone who has met him. It is impossible to over-estimate the fine impression he has made, particularly coming on the heels of the Lana Turner debacle.

Poor Lana, apparently everything she did was wrong!

The British particularly objected to her appearing nightly at the midget auto races, half owned by her husband, Bob Topping. Those races, they felt, were a commercial sports event and they didn't like a movie star as "bait" at the box office.

On the other hand, everything Spence has done is exactly right. He has lived very quietly—in fact, the cocktail party in my honor is the only social appearance he has made. But he has given intelligent and interesting interviews to the press and cooperated in every way. He has been a good-will ambassador *plus*, and believe me, you can be proud of him.

I noticed when our host invited Tracy to have a cocktail toasting me, he said, "I'll toast Louella in good old American pop, if you don't mind"—and he did.

Deborah Kerr looked perfectly stunning and I whispered in her ear, "Are those Hollywood clothes?" She answered, "Shhhh—YES." Her hair, by the way, is very short, an American fad this British charmer brought back to her native country with her.

And before we get off the subject of this cocktail party, let me say if you've never eaten Tomato Pie—an English hors d'oeuvre—you've missed a treat.

* * *

Our second night in London, Dr. Martin and I dined with the Tony Martins (Cyd Charisse), and the British went almost as balmy over Tony's act at the Palladium as they did over Danny Kaye. Other Hollywooders at Tony's dinner party were Allan Jones and Jack Durant, two American boys, very popular with the Londoners.

"Who ever started the libel that British audiences are cold?" asked Tony. "I love them."

* * *

My first official party to meet the British stars was given by J. Arthur Rank, internationally famous British producing bigwig. And it was here I met most of the British actors and actresses who had previously been just "names" to me.

Stewart Granger is even more handsome—if possible—off screen than he is on. I told him I remembered him in *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

"*That* one, I wish you would forget," he laughed. Well, I must say after meeting him, the role did not do him justice. Off the record, I think he would like very much to come to America, but with Rank trying hard to make enough pictures to make up for the



Bing Crosby surprised the town (and commentator George Fisher) by attending *Emperor Waltz* première in a tux—with fedora.



Afterwards, in Beverly Hills Crystal Room, Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer were among guests at Bing's first "gala" première party.



Mickey Rooney refused to identify his blonde date. *Emperor Waltz* opening was strictly formal, the first to be televised (over KTLA).



John Agar and Shirley Temple (in new short ermine coat) say a few words in honor of Bing, for M.C. Fisher's mike. Shirley will write a daily column on "How To Bring Up Baby."

Good news

shortage caused by the new British tax law, we both realized that was a tactless subject to discuss.

England's favorite star, Margaret Lockwood, is attractive but so conservatively dressed she would never be taken for a film star in the U.S.A. It was amusing to hear her tell about the run-ins with the British censors over the low-cut gowns she wears on the screen. She was certainly covered up when I met her.

* * *

It wasn't until the dinner given me by Sir Alex Korda that I finally caught up with fascinating Robert Donat, probably England's most popular movie star next to Laurence Olivier.

I was delighted to be seated next to him at dinner. He is so handsome—and I must say, healthy—that I am amazed at the well-circulated stories about his bad health.

I wasn't long in finding out he bitterly resents those rumors that he is on his "last legs." Had to laugh when he said, "I *do* catch cold in the winters—but that's about the measure of it. When Danny Kaye was here he told me that I would not catch colds if I came to Hollywood. Is that quite true?"

Yankee patriot that I am, I had to admit that Californians sometimes do catch the sniffles.

The soooo beautiful Renee Asherson with whom Donat is supposed to be madly in love was also present, and a lovelier-looking girl I have seldom seen. She has that "English complexion" we're always hearing about—pure peaches and cream, minus wakeup aids. In Hollywood, I would have asked a couple of equal prominence about their wedding plans, but one thing I learned fast in jolly old England is that things aren't so jolly if one gets off on personal subjects. And marriages are considered highly personal!

But Donat did speak of women in general. "In general," he smiled, "they nag too much.

"Nagging is the prime failing of the fair sex," he went on. "Always 'where have you been?'—'why didn't you wear your top coat?'—'do this—do that.' Men hate that sort of thing, you know."

He was being amusing, but I doubt if a Hollywood star would have been so frank about the ladies who buy movie tickets.

A few hours later we were off to Norway, but I will have to wait until next month to tell you about that spot, plus Sweden and Denmark where so many of our greatest stars hail from—Garbo, Bergman, Jean Hersholt and Sonja Henie.

Also, I'll have news of picture-making in Italy, where I expect to meet Tyrone Power and many other Hollywood stars, and Paris—but those spots are another chapter. Meanwhile, I don't want you to miss any of the news from Hollywood, so I have asked my assistant, Dorothy Manners, to put you hep to what's happening since I left. Okay, Miss M.—you are on.

* * *

Alan and Sue Ladd called up and said, "Come out and spend a quiet Saturday night with us. There will be just a few people, Betty Hutton and her husband and the Macdonald Careys."

And that's how the *least quiet* Saturday I've ever spent got started.

Oh, the beginning was all right. It's a beautiful drive in the sunset to the Hidden Valley Ranch of the Ladds with its stables, farm houses and beautiful blue swimming

The Leprechauns say:



"Lovers who kiss under a falling star are bound together forevermore . . ."

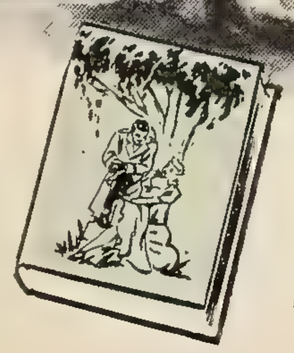


A ROMANCE FRESH... JOYFUL...LILTING AS AN IRISH AIR...TO PUT ENCHANTMENT IN THE VERY HEART OF YOU!

TYRONE POWER ANNE BAXTER

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH





with

The Little Man

CECIL KELLAWAY



The Big Man

LEE J. COBB

20th CENTURY-FOX

JAMES TODD • JAYNE MEADOWS • J. M. KERRIGAN • PHIL BROWN • CHARLES IRWIN

Directed by HENRY KOSTER • *Produced by* FRED KOHLMAR • Screen Play by Philip Dunne • Based on a Novel by Guy and Constance Jones

Gentlemen



Prefer Girls

(BLONDES • BRUNETTES • REDHEADS)



with Color Bright Hair



Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair sparkling, *natural-looking* color and highlights. Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Nestle Colorinse washes out completely with shampooing. Delicately scented, easy and absolutely safe to use.

Nestle COLORINSE



IN 16 FLATTERING SHADES

10¢—25¢ AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately scented Nestle Hair Lacquers keep all styles of hair-dos well groomed. 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ at all toilet goods counters.

Nestle- originators of permanent waving- Meriden, Conn.



Frankie Boy does a once-over-lightly on "Nature Boy," assisted by composer of the song, Eden Ahbez. It's preparation for Sinatra's fall stint on Hit Parade radio program. He's signed for straight 52 weeks at $7,500 per week, highest salary ever paid a singer on that show.

Good news

pool banked with flaming scarlet geraniums.

And everything looked peaceful enough when we arrived to find Betty Hutton and her good-looking husband, Ted Briskin, getting the last of the sun's rays beside the pool, and Alan and Macdonald Carey hopping around taking colored camera shots.

All this lasted exactly ten minutes before —but let me give it to you blow by blow.

"Stand up in that chair," said Alan to Mac, "I can get a better shot of you."

Those were the last sane words spoken the rest of the night. Mac stood on the chair, as told—but in doing so he hit his head against a slanting beam from the barbecue pit, practically tore his forehead off, and with blood gushing from his head all over his face, he was rushed to the nearest hospital by Ted Briskin.

In rapid succession the following events took place:

Ted Briskin got a speeding ticket.

Somebody ran over the Ladds' pet dog.

The dog, in its agony, bit Alan's hand.

Both dog and Alan packed into the station wagon for a wild ride to the same hospital where Macdonald Carey was having seven stitches taken in his head.

The cook dropped ten uncooked steaks in the dirt carrying a big tray from the kitchen to the barbecue.

Alan called from the "vet's" that his hand was all right, but they had to give the dog four transfusions, he'd lost so much blood.

Sue was crying.

Betty Hutton was wringing her hands.

The cook washed off the steaks.

Alan called that the dog would live.

Dinner was served at 11 P.M.

Oh, those early dinners and quiet evenings in the country!

* * *

Gloria De Haven and John Payne made up after a six-weeks' spat, just as everyone hoped they would.

These two are sensible kids and they love each other and their children. But now and then career trouble sets in.

When Gloria was going strong at M-G-M, John's contract lapsed at 20th. When things finally picked up for him in a big way, Gloria was no longer with M-G-M and she hadn't made a picture since the birth of their second child.

Now if they could just both get going at the same time, their tangles would be solved.

* * *

Every year Sonja Henie tosses a party in Hollywood, but how in the world is she ever going to top her last one?

For sheer eye-filling beauty, there's never been another like it.

The terraced garden of her home was adorned with statues of illuminated ice that would have been dazzling if the "ice" around Sonja's neck hadn't been even more blinding.



...THEY MEET IN KEY LARGO

The far-famed Maxwell Anderson play is given new scope and tremendous excitement on the screen!

HUMPHREY BOGART

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

LAUREN BACALL

WARNER BROS. PRESENT KEY LARGO A STORY AS EXPLOSIVE AS ITS CAST!

with LIONEL BARRYMORE CLAIRE TREVOR

and THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN RODNEY · DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Richard Brooks and John Huston • Based on the Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON As Produced on the Spoken Stage, By the Playwrights Company • Music by Max Steiner

Good news



George Montgomery and Dinah Shore, at Universal's party in honor of British star-producer Edana Romney (left).



Charles Boyer and Jean Pierre Aumont, two Gallic charmers, turned out to help their hosts greet Miss Romney. Boyer may do a film in France this fall.



Dan Duryea, Yvonne DeCarlo and Don Taylor were a gay trio at Universal party. Poor Yvonne suffered a damaged vertebra later, must spend 3 months in a neck brace.

Honest—about three strands of beautifully matched and sized pear-shaped diamonds were her only ornaments—but she needed nothing more to set off her simple gown of white starched lace.

Sonja looked like a beautiful little figurine greeting her 300 guests in the moonlight.

On the lower terrace, the tennis court had been transformed into a night club with full-sized dance floor and orchestra.

I sat at the table with Ingrid Bergman and Dr. Peter Lindstrom—and don't ever let anyone tell you that Bergman's husband is stiff and reserved. He was having the time of his life rhumba-ing with his wife (they're good, too!) or Jennifer Jones.

He was really disappointed, I think, when he didn't win the "grand prize" for the best rhumba—if it had been for the most enthusiastic, he would have won hands down!

But Anita Colby (with Clark Gable, of course) won the big basket of caviar and all sorts of delicious things for hors d'oeuvre.

The funniest event of the night was Alfred Hitchcock giving Van Heflin the first—and I'm sure, the LAST—cigar he will ever smoke. There was a bad moment or two when you couldn't tell Van's face from one of several *green* balloons tied to the back of his chair.

What a hostess that Sonja is! What a party!

* * *

Fashion Fads: Doris Day wears a "date belt"—on which dangle seven discs with the days of the week printed on the front. On the back is a space for an escort's name—which can be erased as the date changes.

Diana Lynn has a small, smooth straw hat of cloche shape that can be worn for sports or dinner. Here's how: Daytimes, it is worn natural with different colored grosgrain bands. At night, she stretches dotted gold lace net—or black lace—over the entire bonnet, and it's cute as all get-out.

Latest stunt with little ivory elephants is to string them on a necklace around the neck. Very cute with low-neckline brown dresses.

Hi-Lights of the Month: The ultra-dramatic story that the father Loretta Young had never seen had died in the charity ward of General Hospital. But the true story reflected no discredit on the lovely star. Her father had walked out on her mother and three sisters when they were babies. But when Loretta heard of his existence just two years ago, she arranged with her lawyer to contribute to his support. The whole thing reads like a Loretta Young movie script.

Errol Flynn's surprise appearance as guest of honor at a church bazaar in Jamaica. Fortified by slight sips from the pink lemonade bowl, Errol auctioned off jellies, jams, hand-knitted ties and kicked in with a check for $1,000 of his own to help the good cause along.

That Bing! What a guy he is. When he



KEECHIE: A tender heart in a tough world. All a girl *can* do to help the boy she loves . . . Keechie does!



BOWIE: Just a kid...who's seen too much of the crooked side of life... not enough of the straight!



CHICKAMAW: He's a guy you can trust . . . to knife you in the back when he gets sore!



T-DUB: Knows but one law . . . his own! Has but one weapon...a gun!

TWO KIDS... outside the law!

Desperate...hunted...yet so in love! This is their story, the one the screaming headlines never told!



RKO PRESENTS

THE TWISTED ROAD

starring

Cathy O'Donnell • Farley Granger

Howard da Silva

with

Jay C. Flippen • William Phipps • Ian Wolfe

DORE SCHARY In Charge of Production

Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • Directed by NICHOLAS RAY

Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE

RKO RADIO



Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell drove down from upper New York State (where they're on location for *Letter To Three Wives*) to dine at the Stork with Jeanne's husband Paul.



Singer Dorothy Kirsten (who took over Al Jolson's radio show for the summer) with Ray Milland at the Paramount commissary. Ray and his wife lost the baby they were expecting early next year. They have one other child, Danny, aged 8.

Good news

heard Rhonda Fleming was unhappy about her billing in *Connecticut Yankee,* he told Paramount to set her up in big type, same size as his. It takes a big guy to do that.

The surprise dating of Jane Wyman and Peter Lawford has the town talking. Don't take it too seriously. He isn't exactly Janie's type for serious romancing, but he's a charming date. Pete, who had a yen for Rita Hayworth several months ago, seems to be concentrating on the more mature glamor girls—much to the annoyance of the belles of his own set.

Well, guess this is all this month. Your girl friend, LOP, will be back again for the entire department next month.

* * *

Close-up of Burt Lancaster: His two front teeth separate, so the studio sent him to a dentist who put a brace in the back (you can't see it) which draws them together. He thinks the brace is so wonderful, he looks intently at everyone's mouth. Girls and women get fluttery about this. But he's only looking to see if they have a dental separation so he can tell them about his wonderful discovery . . . He whistles cheerfully, but off key . . . When he's not working in love scenes, he goes on an onion sandwich binge. On the other hand, nothing infuriates him like an "onion eater" breathing down his neck in a theater . . . He's excited over his Norma Productions, his own movie company, named after his wife . . . He's surprising to interview because of his really excellent knowledge of political, music and art subjects . . . When he's really hepped up about something, he clenches his hands and his teeth . . . He lives at the beach and is as tanned as a nut . . . Nightclubs see him very seldom . . . He takes all the fuss about his "overnight" success in stride and quotes the story about his wife opening a charge account at a smart shop. When she said she was Mrs. Burt Lancaster, the custodian of the accounts asked, "Is your husband employed locally?" It's Burt's favorite story when people tell him he is famous after just a few pictures . . . He has a burning belief in the screen as a medium of propaganda—the right kind of propaganda, that is . . . In his personal wardrobe he has a dark blue suit, gray suit, and the rest is sports and lounge stuff. He thinks he should get a dinner jacket in case somebody invites him to something formal, but he just can't quite get around for a fitting . . . His swim trunks are yellow . . . He is, by turn, casual, intense, athletic, lazy, opinionated, modest, moody, gay—and for Louella's and my money, the hottest bet since Clark Gable.

THE LAUGH-BY-LAUGH, TEAR-BY-TEAR, CHEER-BY-CHEER STORY OF AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED GUY...

'THE BABE'!!..



His life...fabulously exciting!..



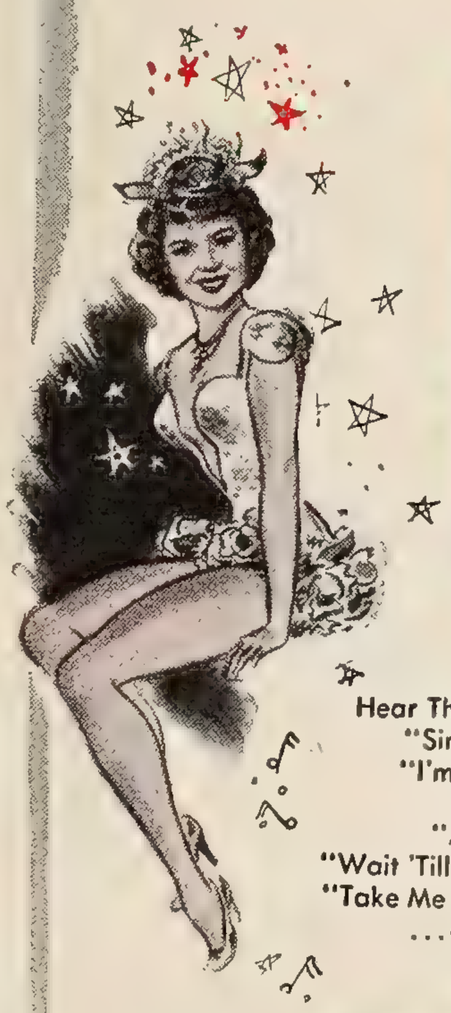
His times America's greatest era!....

His heartbreak told for the first time!

His triumphs... while millions cheered!....

Allied Artists Productions, presents

"THE BABE RUTH STORY"



Hear These All-Time Hits!...
"Singin' In The Rain"
"I'm Nobody's Baby"
"I'll Get By"
"After The Ball"
"Wait 'Till The Sun Shines, Nellie"
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
...and many more!



ROY DEL RUTH'S Production

starring WILLIAM BENDIX · CLAIRE TREVOR · CHARLES BICKFORD

SAM LEVENE · WILLIAM FRAWLEY · GERTRUDE NIESEN · MATT BRIGGS

Produced and Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

Associate Producer JOE KAUFMAN

Screenplay by BOB CONSIDINE · GEORGE and CALLAHAN

The greatest gift

On Father's Day

you get neckties or

a pipe, but Frank Sin-

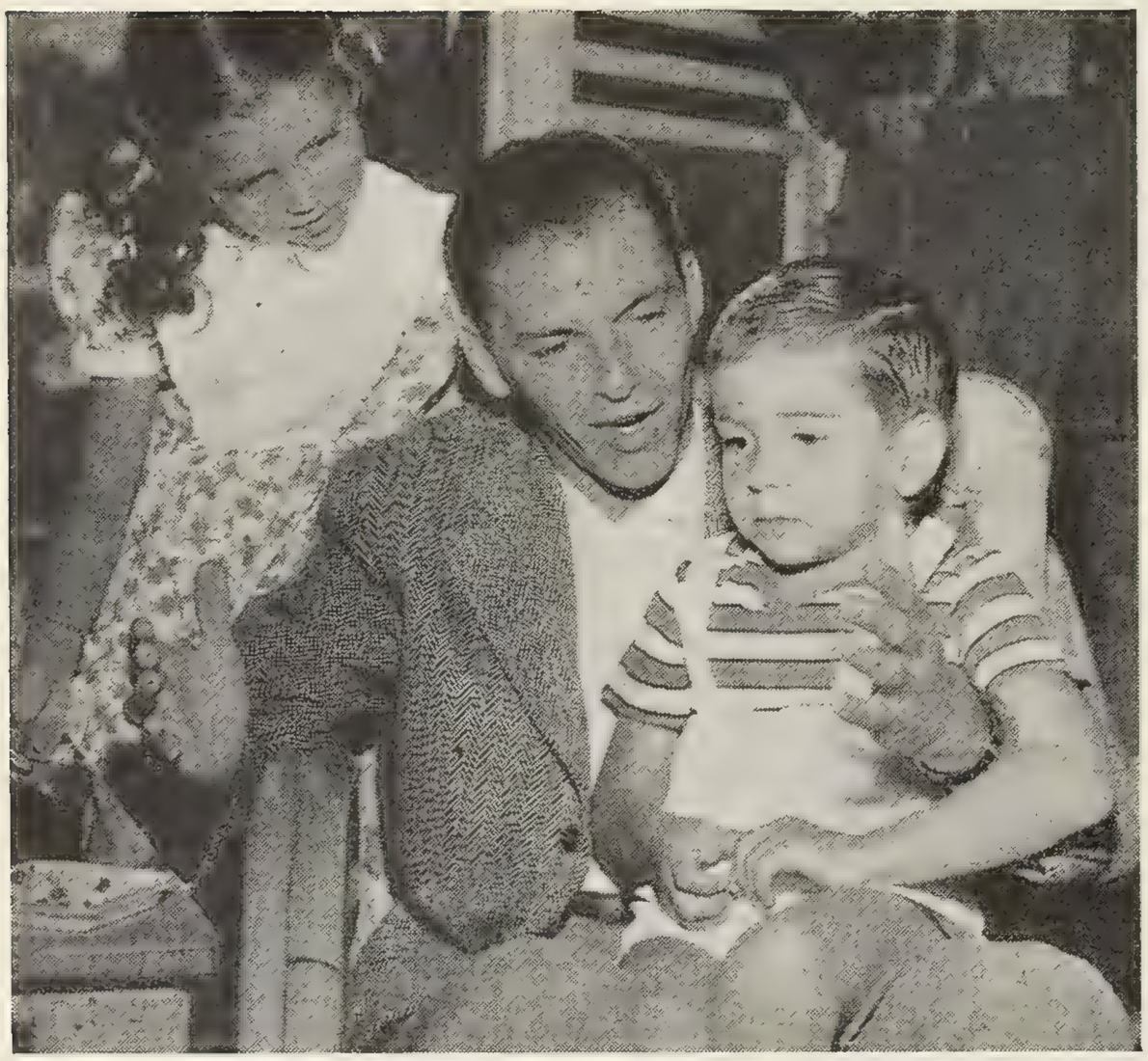
atra got Christina—

the finest gift of all, the

gift the day was

named for . . .

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



"So-o-o big," says Frankie to Nancy Sandra and Frankie, Jr., "and you can call her Tina." Baby Christina was born June 20th, weighed in at 8 lbs., 14 ozs. Now Pop can relax, start work on *Take Me Out To The Ball Game.*

■ So this is what it's like he thought. You sit in a chair that couldn't be comfortable if it was made out of duck down, and you stare at a newspaper you can't read, and it's a mile down the hall to those swinging doors with the fuzzy glass, and the floor's polished slick and smells like medicine. You don't hear a thing except some rubber soled pat-pats when the nurses glide in and out, and when you look that way your heart slams against your vest like Gang-Busters.

Frankie Sinatra stared at the lone guy sitting across from him in the agony alcove at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital maternity ward and got an unseeing stare back. "Poor joker," he thought. "He was here hours before me." Frankie jerked a look at his wrist watch for the umpteenth time. Almost 3:30 A. M.—when? Why, Sunday, June 20th,—Father's Day! Whaddya know—Father's Day!

He rose to his feet and began beating the rubber tiled floors, like fathers have been doing since hospitals were invented and before, and that made him grin. "Just like a movie script," he said. He thought back a few hours.

There'd been the radio show that night, the Hit Parade, and he'd come up with an oldie besides the hit list tunes, just for the Father's Day (*Continued on page 18*)

Are you in the know?



What's a jilted jane to do?

- ☐ *Let his memory linger on*
- ☐ *Pursue him by mail*
- ☐ *Get herself a hobby*

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's *extra* protection in that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. Helps preserve your peace of mind. Puts wings on worry!



In business, must she begin with—

- ☐ *Good follow-through*
- ☐ *All the answers*
- ☐ *A promising career*

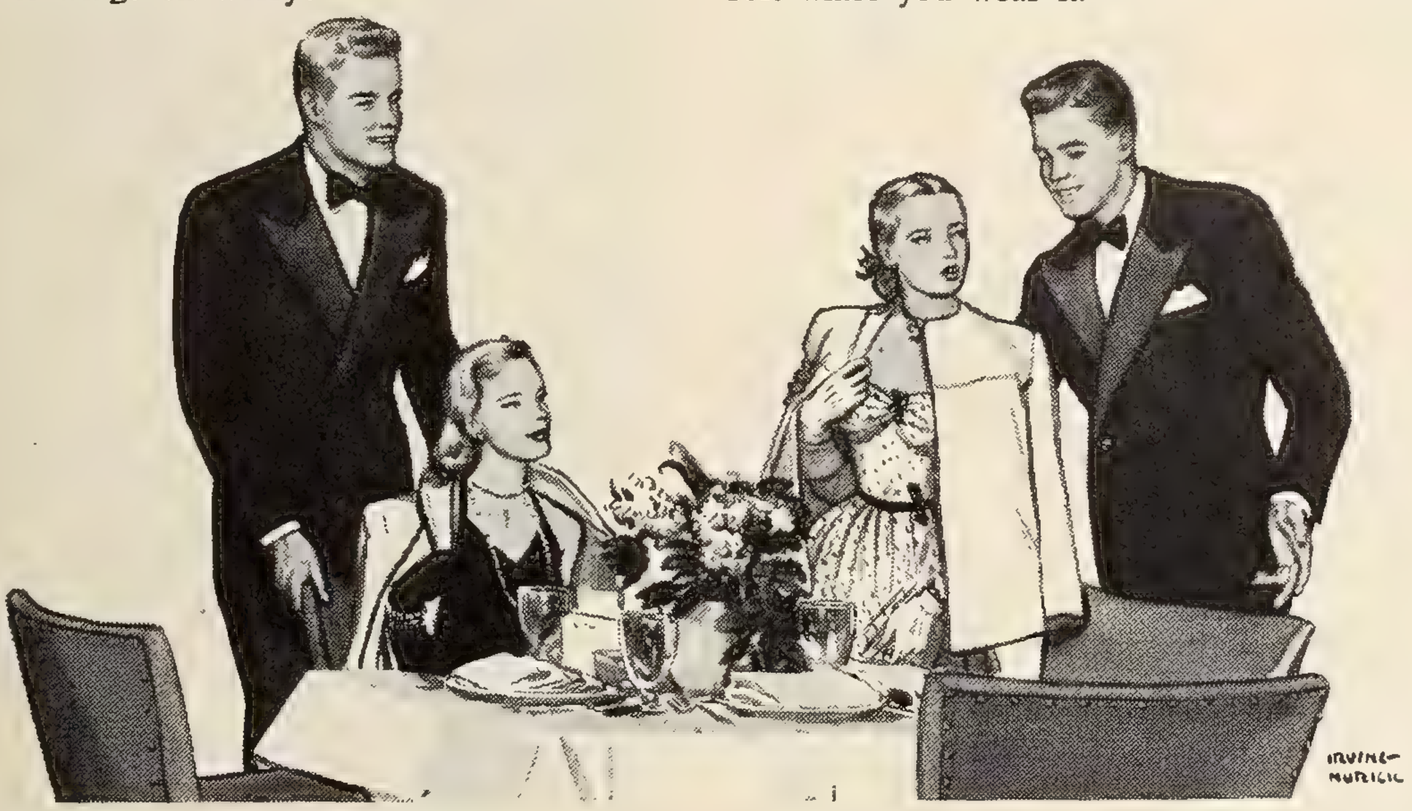
Your first job? Calm those jitters. The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser; finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! *Dependable* is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that *holds its shape.* You can stay on the job in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



Which togs are best for "tubby"?

- ☐ *A tweed suit*
- ☐ *A gabardine dress*
- ☐ *A sweater and skirt*

Lassie with the buxom chassis—buy your togs with special care! Ixnay on sweaters. Steer clear of tweeds. (Heavy fabrics add bulk.) To pare down your upholstery, select *smooth,* figure-flattering materials. Gabardine, for instance—for casual wear. Different girls have different needs; in clothes, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives *every* girl a choice of *3 Kotex sizes.* It's easy to learn which suits *you* best: Just try all 3—Regular, Junior, Super.



Should the lady be seated—

- ☐ *Opposite the other girl*
- ☐ *At her left*
- ☐ *At her right*

Everything could be kopasetic—if she could be sure just where to sit. Ever bedevilled by this doubt? Then listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time. Same as knowing (at certain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those special *flat pressed ends.* That's because you're sure they won't show; won't betray your secret. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively.* To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name

THE GREATEST GIFT

(*Continued from page 16*)

angle, "Daddy, Dear Old Daddy." Then —he didn't know what had got into him— but in the aftershow when he gave out with the inevitable request, "Nancy With the Laughing Face," he'd come to that line, "—sorry for you, she has no sister—" and instead he'd sung it, "—tomorrow this time, she'll have a sister—"

Now why did he do that? The doctor had said Nancy's baby was four days off. The doctor said it looked like a boy for sure, and so did Nancy's mother and all her girl friends, by the signs, the shape of things to come and all that. Why did he pull that "sister" line?

Frank had to think of something, so he recapped the evening. He'd tagged all the Sinatra set as usual right after the NBC studio lights flicked off—Axel Stordahl, Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne, Don Maguire, Dick Jones, Bobby Burns.

"Coming out to the house for 'the game,' aren't you? Nancy's making *pizza*."

That was the Saturday night usual. Charades at his place in Toluca Lake and everybody invited, everybody showing up. But this night something was wrong. "Sorry, Frank, I'm—uh—going down to the boat," said Axel. "Some other time," dodged the others. "No thanks—I'm bushed for sleep" . . . "Got me a date" . . . "Sorry."

"What's the matter with you guys?" Frankie had frowned. "I haven't got a brush-off like this in years. And just when I might need you, too."

Then somebody held him in a conversation and when he rolled up at home later on they'd all swarmed him, "Happy Father's Day, Pops! Maybe you'll be needing these." And the gag presents peppered him—dinky didies, toy hot water bottles, safety pins, cod-liver oil and Q-tips. They'd framed him (with Nancy in cahoots)—a surprise Father's Day baby shower.

So there they were around midnight knocking themselves out with "indications" as usual, drinking beer, making signs and faces and frantic poses and then Nancy said she thought she'd put the *pizza* in. But the way she said it sounded funny, and he'd followed her into the kitchen. Funny little spasms were crossing her face and he could read that face so well. "I don't feel too good," she'd smiled crookedly.

"Let's get out of here," said Frankie. So they'd ducked out the back door, to the garage, and rolled over Cahuenga pass to the hospital in Frank's blue convertible Cad, daring the cops to catch them. Nobody knew where they were or what went on until the phone rang and Frankie's voice told the gang. "Stick around—it won't be long now."

So here he was—in on the father act at last—and it was still all sort of unreal. First time, with little Nancy, now 8, Frank had rehearsed until midnight with Tommy Dorsey's band, falling asleep on a sofa at the Astor Hotel in New York, dog tired. The phone rang next morning at nine to wake him. "You're the father of a baby girl." So he'd missed the main event and he'd always felt cheated somehow. And with Frankie, Junior, he'd been out in Hollywood making *Higher and Higher* and again Nancy had gone it alone back in New Jersey. But this time—what a break, what a lucky break, he thought.

A shadow fell across him and it was the doctor. He heard "Congratulations, a fine baby girl, eight pounds, fourteen ounces."

Frankie looked at the other guy. He was there first. This would be his. "Congratulations," he said.

"You," said the doc.

"*Me?*" It sank in. Practically a nine-pound girl—a Sinatra like that born to old skinny No-blood and his petite wife?

"Baby's perfect, so's your wife—and I've got a message," said the man. "First thing she said coming out of the delivery room was, 'Tell my husband to go home and get some sleep. He needs it'."

"Sleep? Not me," laughed Frankie. "Say, this is my lucky night."

town crier . . .

He clinked his nickels in the pay phone then and called home. "Spread the news," he told them out at the house. He called his mother, ill in a Hoboken hospital. He called Nancy's mother in Hollywood. He called everyone he could think of who ought to know and before he knew it, it was dawn and he was still high as a kite and shaking with excitement. He drove home around five o'clock and the gang was still there, reading him wires, and the phone was buzzing, red hot.

"Perfect timing, as usual," Dave White, his radio producer, telegraphed.

"I got room in the act for another Sinatra," Jimmy Durante phoned. By the time the morning radio spread the news, the wires and calls had piled up. Frankie's fan club told him they were sending off a CARE bundle with the money assessed for Christina's baby present. Little Nancy ran upstairs and came down with a package. "Here Daddy," she said. "Happy Father's Day." Frankie ripped it open. Diapers. He swept her up, gave her a hug. "You cutie, who put you up to that?"

"Now," begged Nancy, "do we go to Kiddieland?" Frankie remembered he'd promised the kids a Father's Day treat at the merry-go-round carnival down on La Cienega. "Sorry, honey, next Sunday for sure. Daddy's got to go to the hospital to see Moma and Tina."

"Who's Tina?" Nancy wanted to know.

"Good Gosh," Frankie said. "I forgot to tell you kids. She's your new sister!"

That's the way it was all the next day. Frank didn't know what time it was or what he was saying. June 20 was next to





"Don't worry, Mother. That's Henry!"



All the excitement, suspense and
gripping drama of the world's most treasured
story comes brilliantly to the screen!

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by Charles Dickens

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ROBERT NEWTON

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FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

with **HENRY STEPHENSON**

and introducing **JOHN HOWARD DAVIES as Oliver Twist**

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Screenplay by DAVID LEAN and STANLEY HAYNES

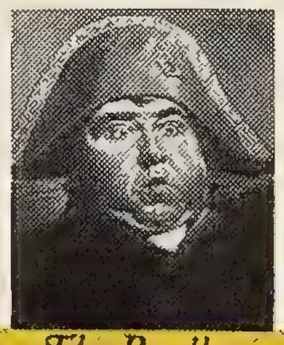
A Cineguild Production

Released by EAGLE LION FILMS

Bringing to life these unforgettable characters:



Oliver Twist and Bill Sikes



The Beadle



Nancy



The Artful Dodger



the longest day in the year and he could use it that way. He did everything a brand new poppa does—grinned, raved, got his back slapped, even smoked a cigar, though they usually make him sick. Around midnight, after forty hours on his feet, he crawled in the hay prepared to blank out. But he couldn't sleep.

What went running round and round inside Frank Sinatra's weary brain was "I'm lucky. I am *really* lucky." And he wasn't kidding with himself, not Frankie.

Lucky, he knew, because first of all he had Nancy with the laughing face. Nancy who had all the spirit and spunk in the world, who'd stepped out with him just four days ago, bulging or not, to see Lena Horne, at Slapsy Maxie's, because Lena was closing, and she was a friend. Nancy, who never admitted a pain until that last minute when it was necessary.

Lucky, thought Frankie, that Nancy had come through without a hitch, giving him a baby girl perfect as a summer peach. Lucky she was a girl too, the girl they'd both hoped and prayed for. Lucky they'd called her "Christina," his favorite name, next to Nancy (it would be Thomas, they'd decided, if it were a boy). Lucky he, Frankie, had a break in the bustle of his business when the Big Time arrived; lucky he'd got those four business trips East out of the way early in the expecting stretch. Lucky he'd turned down that Columbia Record Convention in Atlantic City at the last minute.

Luckiest, he figured to be home where they could use him right now. Lucky the recording ban was on, believe it or not, and that his radio show would be off the summer air soon, and that the bobby-sox squealer heat had subsided, that he'd have time to be what he liked to be best, a home guy with his wife and kids. Lucky he was starting *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* at M-G-M to keep him tied tight to Hollywood where he wanted to be, where he could get the most fun out of Tina.

Frankie rolled over and stared, hollow-eyed but happy, at the surface of Toluca Lake, with the willows sweeping the moonlight.

This would be the last time he slept luxuriously in the big bed, he reflected. Nancy would be home next week with the baby and then he'd have to bunk in with Frank, Junior. There wasn't a nursery in the joint. Not a spare room. He grinned again. "The Sinatras have by-golly outgrown their house! Okay," said Frank, to himself, "we'll have three more babies and then build a new one!"

But there wasn't even enough room for a worry that night. Except a tiny one. Before Frank's tired body and nerves blacked out, he puzzled his brow for a second on a strictly professional problem.

"Now," he asked himself, "how'm I going to say 'Good night, Nancy, good night, Frankie, and good night, Tina, too, and still have time to sing songs and sell cigarettes on the radio?"

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Maybe you're sweltering in the August heat, but it's going to be cold this winter. Why not prepare yourself now? Be among the first 500 to send in the questionnaire below—and you'll get the October, November and December issues of MODERN SCREEN—for free. Can you think of any better way to spend the winter nights than with M. S.? Another thing, by checking off the box below, you'll be reading about the movie stars you like best. So hurry up—and be among the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Greatest Gift (Frank Sinatra) ..... ☐
Strictly From Dixie (Bing Crosby) by Hedda Hopper ..... ☐
My Brother's A Fake! (Bob Mitchum) ..... ☐
The Garner Gang (Peggy Ann Garner) ..... ☐
Fun House (June Allyson-Dick Powell) ..... ☐
My Favorite Hollywood Designers by Cobina Wright ..... ☐
I'm Going To Marry Ty! by Linda Christian as told to Robert Peer ☐
Joan Of Arc (Ingrid Bergman) .. ☐
Hollywood's Strangest Romance (Guy Madison-Gail Russell) ... ☐
I Hated Myself . . . by Burt Lancaster ..... ☐
The Case Of The Gullible Bride (Lana Turner) ..... ☐
Mr. Grant Builds A Dream (Cary Grant-Betsy Drake) ..... ☐
How Long Can You Stay Great? (Ginger Rogers) ..... ☐
The New Tarzan (Lex Barker) ... ☐
There Was A Girl (Alida Valli) .. ☐
They Want To Get Married (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) ..... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am.....years old

.....

.....

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What Did This Bewitching Queen Really Want...

the doctor's cure or...the DOCTOR?

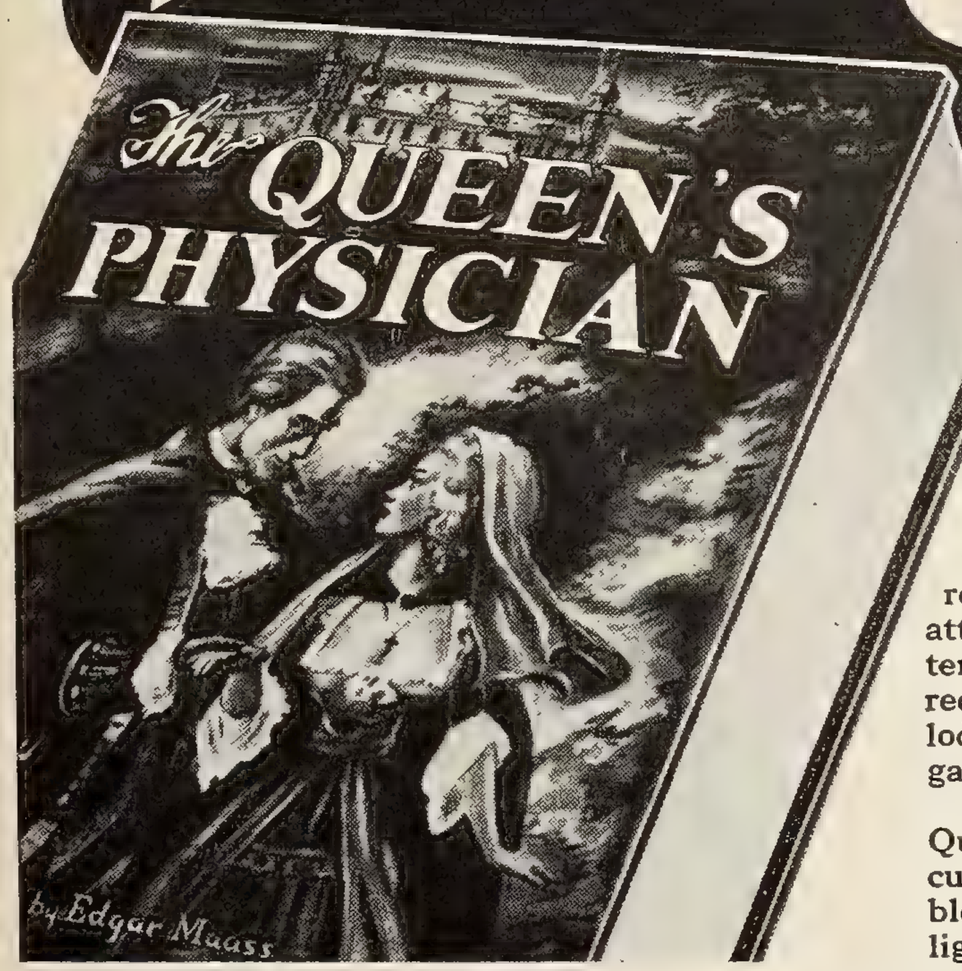
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Yours for a 3¢ STAMP

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For there was no haughtiness in the Queen's eyes—only an amused and calculating look. This was not the troubled patient he expected, but a delightful and inviting woman!

What did she really want of him—the court physician—and a commoner? How could he dare to read her mind, with his reputation and his personal safety at stake?

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- **Annie Jordan** by Mary Brinker Post. The heart-warming story of a girl who learned at an early age that nothing in life comes easy, and who fought her way to happiness.
- **Came a Cavalier** by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The new best-selling story of the New England girl who became a baroness, wife of an ardent cavalier and modern mistress of a medieval manor.

EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each.

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JEAN
KINKEAD

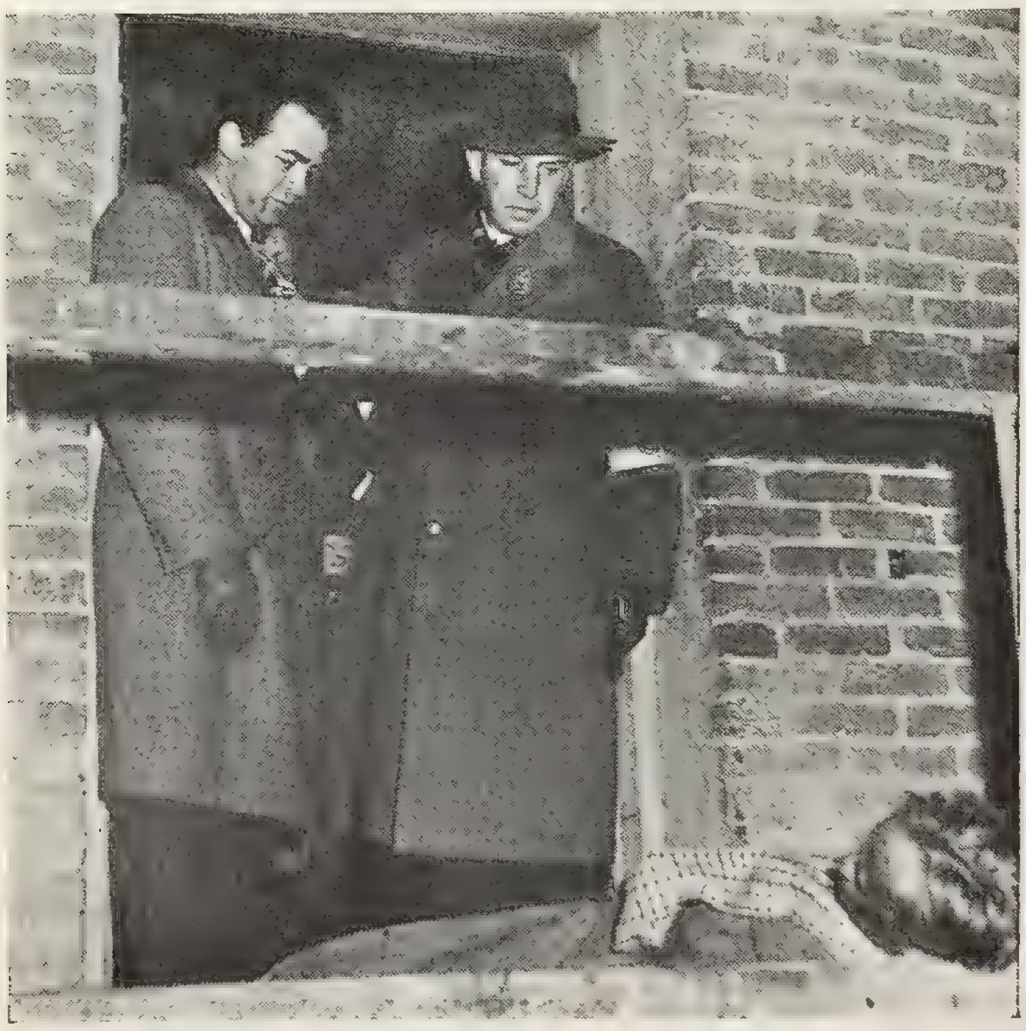
Movie Reviews



End of World War II has seen a rebirth of gang warfare in Center City, USA. Youthful leader of the new "scientific" crime syndicate is Richard Widmark. Barbara Lawrence is his wife.



FBI agent Mark Stevens is assigned to learn identity of the gangsters, wins Widmark's confidence by working out in his gymnasium. Eventually, he's accepted as a member of the ring.



Stevens finds Widmark's gun, which he suspects is a murder weapon. He fires gun to get sample bullet for proof, is discovered, trapped—until FBI chief (Lloyd Nolan) and his men close in.

THE STREET WITH NO NAME

This is a new kind of cops and robbers movie, a tremendously thrilling story taken from the files of our FBI. It is not a tale of smooth-talking, wise-cracking amateur sleuths, but of magnificently-trained men of high courage, the graduates of the FBI Academy in Quantico, Va.

Eugene Cordell (Mark Stevens) is one of these hand-picked guys, and the assignment he is given is a difficult and dangerous one. There have been a number of murder-robberies around Center City. All that is known of the gang responsible for them is that they are very young and that one of them uses a Luger. Then, at last, following a night club murder, there is a more tangible clue—a driver's license found at the scene of the crime bearing the name of Robert Danker (Bob Patten). Danker, a vagrant with an unsavory record, is apprehended, questioned and put in jail while his alibi is checked. Later, when Inspector Briggs (Lloyd Nolan) of the FBI goes to tell Danker that his innocence has been conclusively proved, it is learned that he has been bailed out by a bonding company, and that night his body is found off the main highway covered with knife wounds. The youngster had obviously been framed.

Eugene Cordell, masquerading as an ex-convict named George Manley, is ordered to follow as closely as possible in Danker's footsteps, get involved with the same ruthless gang, and then at the right moment hand them over to the Bureau. It's a large order, and before it's accomplished Gene is almost cooked on a couple of occasions.

Richard Widmark, cold-eyed and harsh-voiced is completely believable as Alec Styles, the leader of the gang. This fellow is a really top-notch actor. Mark Stevens was never better, and Barbara Lawrence as Widmark's coarse wife is excellent. Special mention, too, goes to Lloyd Nolan, Donald Buka and John McIntyre. For the scare of your life, see this chill-packed tribute to Edgar Hoover's stout-hearted boys. —*20th-Fox.*


A man
can be
strong
as steel...
but
somewhere
there's a
woman
who'll
break
him!
Regal Films Presents
DICK POWELL
as that man...and
LIZABETH SCOTT
as the woman who leads him to his Pitfall
"PITFALL"
THE EXCITEMENT NEVER STOPS MOUNTING!
with JANE WYATT and RAYMOND BURR • BYRON BARR • JOHN LITEL • ANN DORAN • JIMMY HUNT • SELMER JACKSON
Based on the Novel "The Pitfall" by Jay Dratler • Screenplay by Karl Kamb • Directed by ANDRE DE TOTH • Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF • Released thru United Artists



A Date With Judy: Sophisticated Liz Taylor and naïve Jane Powell in a teen-age comedy.

A DATE WITH JUDY

This is a good little story about some attractive young people and their problem parents.

Judy is played by Jane Powell who sings well, looks heavenly and is altogether entrancing. Guileless as a two-year-old, she is completely under the thumb of her sophisticated friend, Carol Pringle (Elizabeth Taylor). Carol and her brother Oogie (Scotty Beckett), who adores Judy, are poor little rich kids. Although loaded with dough, they are virtual orphans, for their mother is dead and their father (Leon Ames) is too busy to spend much time around the house. Judy, on the other hand, has two loving parents (Selena Royle and Wally Beery).

Woman-of-the-world Carol explains to the naïve Judy that middle-aged men can all bear watching, and poor Judy begins eyeing her dad for Symptoms. He begins taking rhumba lessons secretly from Carmen Miranda in order to surprise his wife on their anniversary, and Judy, seeing them together, suspects the worst.

All the while this is going on, Judy and Carol are both swooning over the new boy at the drugstore (Robert Stack) while old Oogie, still mad about Judy, is perishing with jealousy. There's a happy ending for everybody of course, and the whole business leaves a very nice taste in your mouth.

Elizabeth Taylor is the surprise of the picture, for she has grown into a breath-takingly beautiful girl. Jane Powell is a honey; so full of personality, you just love to watch her. Robert Stack, a bit out of his league as far as age goes, is better-looking than ever. In such fast company, it could be hard to single out the best supporting player, but to our way of thinking there's just no question but that it's Carmen Miranda. With those wicked eyes, that wiggle, that way with a song, she's plain wonderful. Xavier Cugat's swell band makes *A Date With Judy* just about perfect among teen-age films.—*M-G-M.*

MICKEY

This is the story—and a pleasant one it is—of Mickey, a pretty little tomboy who grows up in spite of herself. Lois Butler, as Mickey, is easy as an old shoe, remarkably poised in her first film and blessedly free from cute mannerisms. Furthermore, she has a sweet, true singing voice.

Her story is a familiar one—the one about

STAMPEDING ACROSS THE SCREEN...GREATEST OF OUTDOOR SPECTACLES!

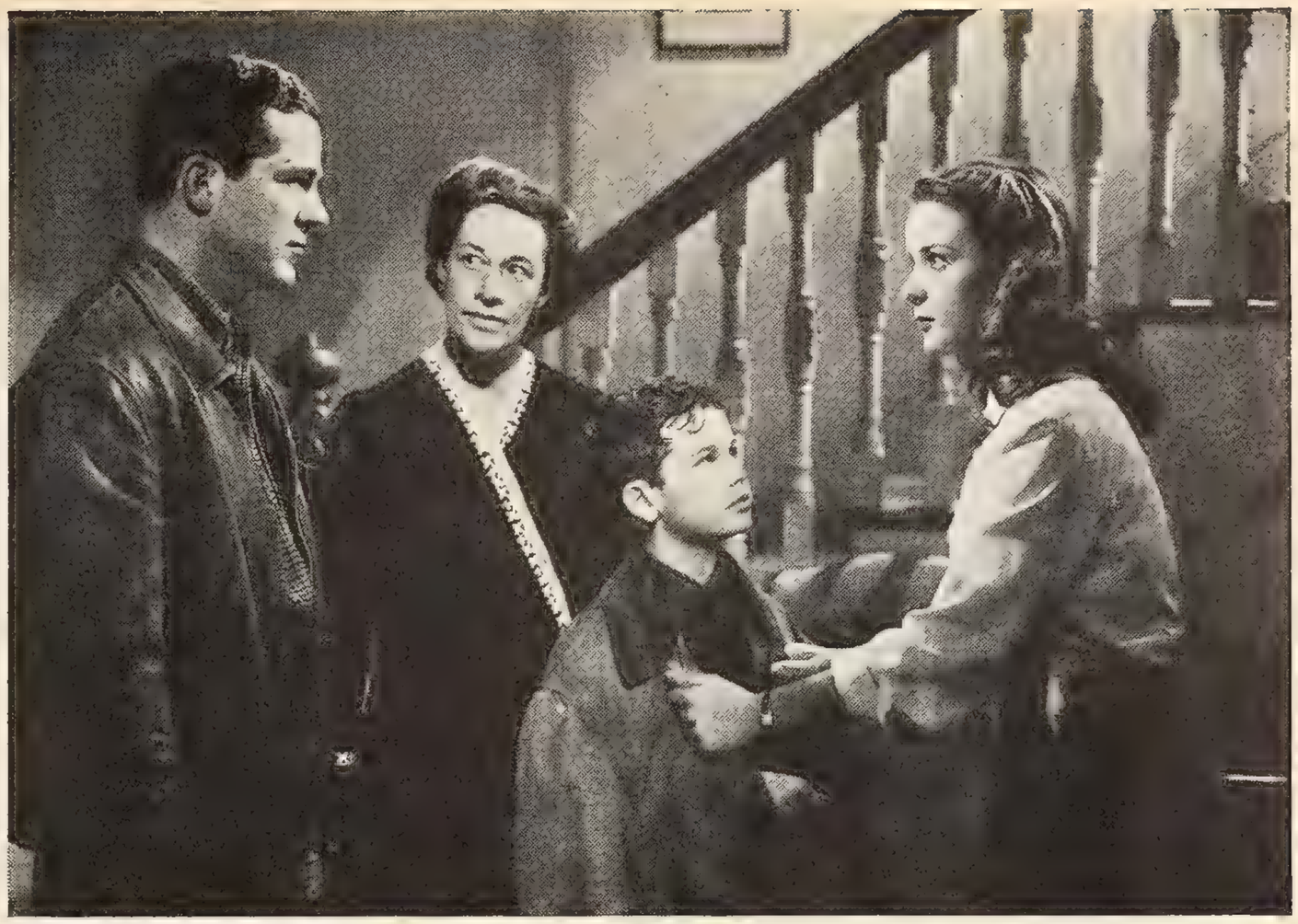


JOAN LESLIE • JAMES CRAIG • JACK OAKIE in "NORTHWEST STAMPEDE" in Cinecolor with CHILL WILLS, VICTOR KILIAN and The Dog, "FLAME" • Executive Producer DAVID HERSH

Produced and Directed by Albert S. Rogell • Story and Screenplay by Art Arthur and Lillie Hayward • Suggested by Saturday Evening Post Article, "Wild Horse Roundup" by Jean Muir • An EAGLE LION FILMS Production

the girl whom all the boys like, just like a brother. Mickey is the star pitcher on the neighborhood ball team, but it's the bits of fluff who get bids to the school dances. Mickey's metamorphosis from caterpillar to butterfly will delight the teen-agers, and the scene in which she swishes into the local cokery in satin and sables on the arm of a smooth Older Man (John Sutton) will simply kill them. For the adult trade there's the love story of Mickey's doctor dad, an attractive widower (Bill Goodwin) and the lovely aunt (Irene Hervey) of Mickey's chum. Cathy, (Mickey's exuberant pal, incidentally, is Beverly Wills, Joan Davis' daughter, and a chip off the old block.)

There are a few scenes in the film that are a bit hard to take, principally the ones involving Mickey's slap-happy baby-sitting. However, the story for the most part is warm and homespun. Good family entertainment. Hattie McDaniel with her own special brand of humor steals every scene in which she appears, Skippy Homeier, Mickey's long-legged first love, is just as he should be, and Leon Taylor is properly obnoxious as the local mama's boy. *Mickey* is hardly a distinguished film, but it's good fun, and sixteen-year-old Lois Butler is a real addition to the Hollywood scene. —*Eagle-Lion.*



Deep Waters: Dana Andrews, Anne Revere, Dean Stockwell, Jean Peters in love-tale.

DEEP WATERS

There are two situations in this frankly sentimental movie, both old but still good for some tugs at the heart. One involves the gal who fears the sea (Jean Peters, in this case) desperately in love with a sea-going man (Dana Andrews). The other is the small orphan boy (Dean Stockwell) longing for someone to love, someone who will love him in return. The two stock situations are successfully wedded to make a fresh and palatable film.

Ann Freeman (Jean Peters) is a social worker, and twelve-year-old Donny (Dean Stockwell) is one of her more difficult cases. She has placed him in several inland homes, but each time, Donny, product of a long line of Maine fishermen, has run away, homesick for the sea. Ann compromises to the extent of placing him in a home in a fishing village—the home of Mary McKay (Anne Revere)—but she wants him to stay away from the boats.

When Ann discovers that he is working Saturdays on Hod Stillwell's (Dana Andrews) lobster boat, she is both horrified and furious. She and Hod have broken their engagement because they realized that he could never be



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happy as a landlubber and she would be miserable as a fisherman's wife. Ann knows that she can't cure Hod of his sea fever, but she's determined not to let it get a hold on little Donny. To this end, Ann forbids Hod ever to take her young charge out on his boat again.

Distracting Donny from the water is like trying to divert the Gulf Stream, but when he sees that things are hopeless, he makes up his mind to run away, stealing a camera which he then pawns to finance the trip. He is started on the road to delinquency, and there is just one thing that will save him—someone with unswerving faith in him. How Donny's dilemma develops, and how Ann and Hod work out their problem makes nice sobby watching.

Jean Peters is pleasant but unspectacular in the role of Ann. Dana Andrews is good, particularly in the scenes with the youngster. Anne Revere and Cesar Romero (love that accent) make much of their supporting roles. *Deep Waters* with its fine footage of a storm at sea, some lovely close-ups of a little boy's face, is a picture you'll surely want to see.—*20th-Fox.*

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS

This bit of Technicolor foolishness won't tax your gray matter very much, but if it's escape you're after, climb aboard.

Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, as Steve Carroll and Danny Foster, are a pair of down and out night club entertainers who simply cannot hold a job on account of Danny's "Zoophobia." Every time he sees an animal—and anything from an oyster on the half shell to a silver fox jacket will do—he goes absolutely crazy. He gibbers and jabbers, paws the ground and hears loud scary music inside his head. And bing! Carroll and Foster are fired.

En route to California to look for a job in the world's oldest car, they run out of gas and proceed via hitch-hike and foot to a dude ranch to get help. The ensuing complications are unbelievable. Steve falls madly in love with Joan Winston (Dorothy Malone) the proprietress, for one thing. For another, Danny gets himself psychoanalysed and becomes a lion of a man. Furthermore, their car is stolen and they wind up in jail accused of a robbery that they don't know a thing about. To cap the climax, Danny finds himself unwittingly astride a wild horse in the annual rodeo, and wins bags and bags of money.

Some of the gags are a little tired to be sure, and the whole nonsensical business is a bit long and drawn out, but there are some good songs by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne, some fine shots of the wish-you-were-there sort of dude ranch, and just looking at newcomer Dorothy Malone is a pleasure.

Go see it, just for fun.—*War.*

THE DUDE GOES WEST

This is an unlikely little fable of guys, guns and gals in the wild west of the 1870's. Liza (Gale Storm), a pouting female en route to Arsenic City, Nevada, with the map to her dead father's gold mine, meets up with Daniel (Eddie Albert), a young fellow hoping to set himself up as a gunsmith in Arsenic City. With him it's love at first sight; not so with her. She is rude, dull and, for our money not even pretty, but Daniel moons over her through reel after endless reel.

He rescues her from a band of unscrupulous people who are after the map, saves her scalp when two million Indians pounce on them in the middle of the desert. Eventually, at the very end, she gives him a sick smile and allows as how she really loved him all along.

This is one of the more anemic Westerns. The plot should be in the Smithsonian Institute (it's that aged) and the acting is strictly vanilla stuff, except for Jimmy Gleason who does right by the part of Sam, a bewhiskered old prospector who can really put over a cowboy song, and good-looking Gilbert Roland as Pecos, one of the countless badmen. Sophisticated Binnie Barnes is miscast as head of the gang that wants the map, and Eddie Albert is like a fish out of water in a straight role.

Produced by the King Brothers, Frank and Maurice, who really should know better, *The Dude Goes West* is only for the most insatiable Western fans.—*Mono.*



Two Guys From Texas: Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Dot Malone on dude ranch.



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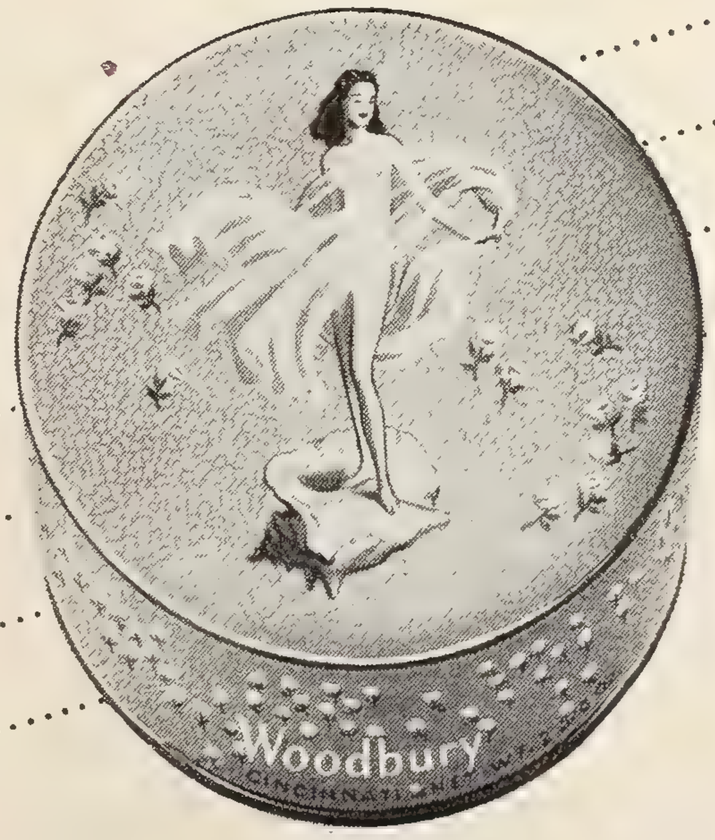
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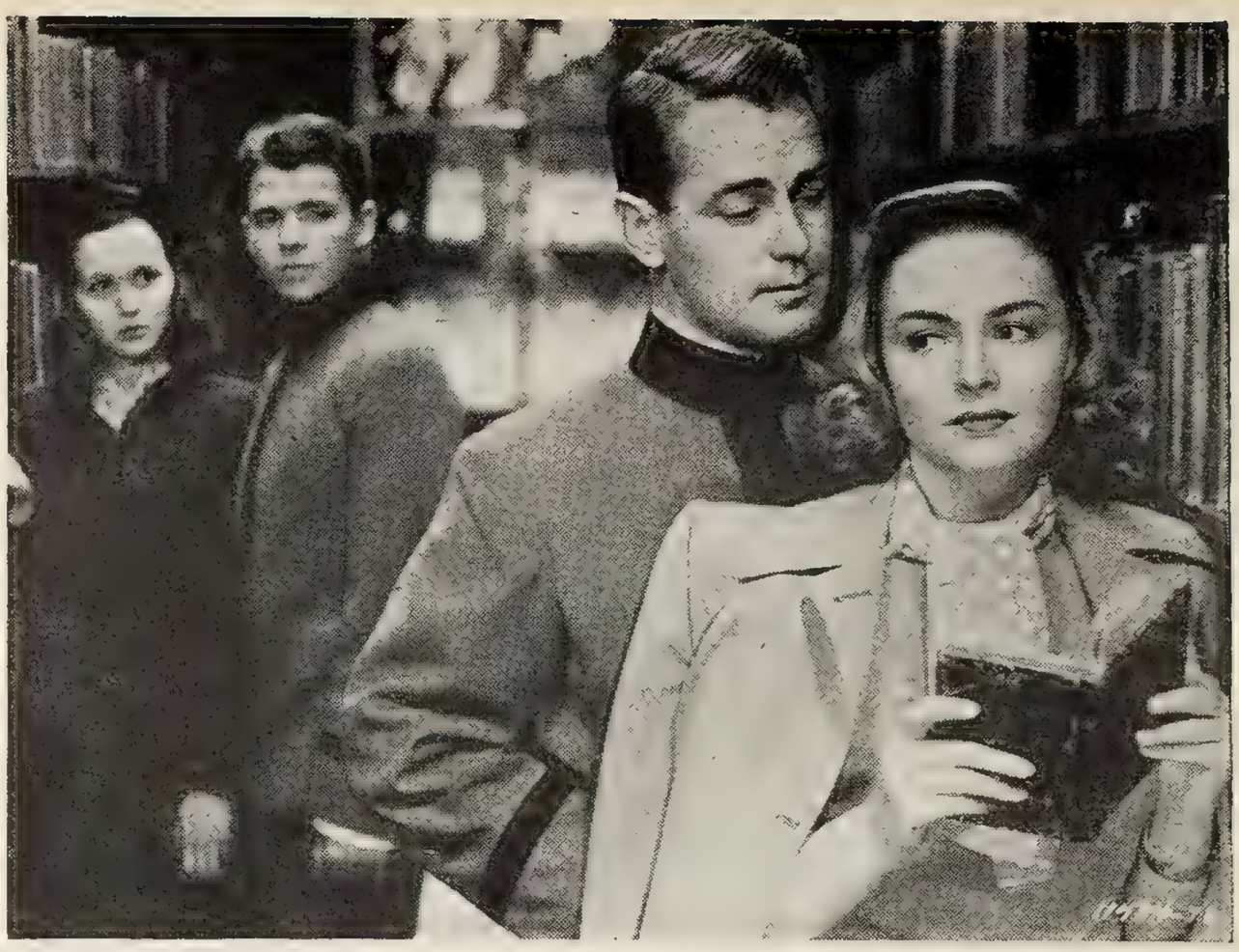
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Beyond Glory: Neurotic, guilt-stricken veteran Alan Ladd falls in love with Donna Reed, his commanding officer's widow. Her faith helps him get well.

BEYOND GLORY

If ever there was a contrived plot, it's the one in *Beyond Glory*. As briefly as possible, this is it. A three-minute delay in reaching his appointed post in combat leaves Rocky Gilman (Alan Ladd) a broken man. He is convinced that he turned yellow at the zero hour and thus deliberately postponed his attack. The delay caused the death of his commanding officer Harry Daniels (Tom Neal) for which Rocky blames himself, and his tortured mind keeps him from readjusting to civilian life. After drifting from job to job and getting ever more neurotic, he meets Daniels' widow (Donna Reed), falls in love with her and—sustained by her faith in him—determines to enter West Point.

He does brilliantly in his studies, becomes cadet captain, and then—like a bolt from the blue—is ordered before a Congressional Board of Investigation charged with forcing one Raymond Denmore (Conrad Janis), a petulant plebe (which is West Point slang for freshman), to resign from the Academy without justification. Denmore's lawyer (George Coulouris) accuses Rocky of being "untruthful, perhaps even criminal," and sets out to prove same through the testimony of an army psychiatrist who claims he heard Rocky admit that he caused Daniels' death.

The flashback technique is employed from this point on, and it is confusing as well as unspeakably annoying. Every once in a while, just as you think you're getting on with it, seeing light at last, there's a flashback to Tunisia or to the psychiatric ward or to the seedy little hotel room off Times Square, until you could scream. At length, Rocky's roommate and old war buddy Cadet Sergeant Loughlin (Dick Hogan) takes the stand and tells (in flashback form, natch) what really happened in those three momentous minutes in Tunisia. Seems that poor Rocky was wounded by a German tank and passed out cold; that he hadn't been yellow at all, simply blotto.

Rocky turns to Loughlin after he has finished testifying and says, completely deadpan, "Why didn't you tell me this before?" A kid in back of me quipped *"Now* he tells me," and the scene got a laugh instead of the hush that was no doubt anticipated by the script writer. *Beyond Glory* is a great deal of ado about nothing. Alan Ladd deserves a better deal than this and so does sweet-faced Donna Reed. Better luck next time, kids.—*Para.*

LULU BELLE

Had this one been played for laughs it would have come off a great deal better than it does. Unfortunately, it doesn't come off at all as straight-faced melodrama. Dorothy Lamour, who is such a dish in a sarong, turns up as a Southern songbird of the gaslight era. Using men as her ladder, she climbs from a honky-tonk in Natchez to a glittering Broadway stage. The men involved are George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger, cast respectively as a struggling young lawyer, a prize fighter, a boxing promoter and owner of a supper club, and a great industrialist.

Every man who comes under Dot's spell winds up in frightful straits. George takes to drink over her. McClure, the handsome fighter, gets his face bashed in fighting about her. (After which he makes one startling appearance out-Frankenstein-ing Karloff.) Albert Dekker's club fails when Lulu Belle leaves his show. And poor Otto Kruger is bumped off visiting her dressing room.

The cumulative effect of so much corny and improbable disaster is inevitably mirth. And when Albert Dekker, who was such a smoothie when Lulu Belle first took him over, reappears as a down-and-outer, be-wigged, be-spectacled and bewildered, it's too much.

Dorothy Lamour does her darndest with the stupid Mae West-ish role, but she's not at her best by any means. Talented Glenda Farrell is wasted in the role of Lulu Belle's idiotic best friend. The others, although struggling for composure, are obviously embarrassed.

David Belasco and Edward Sheldon wrote this as a play years and years ago. It should have been allowed to rest in peace.—*Col.*

MELODY TIME

Here are seven of the best Disney shorts put together in the manner of a series of vaudeville acts. The result is seventy-five minutes of enchantment. This film is sure to appeal hugely to the small fry, and each little sketch is so artistically done that it can't help but captivate adults as well.

One of the best of the seven is the short about "Johnny Appleseed" which tells the delightful folk tale of a frail little man with a lion's heart who went west with the pioneers, armed only with his Bible and his appleseeds. He left his mark wherever he went in the form of great foaming apple orchards. Dennis Day is Johnny's voice, and he couldn't possibly be better.

Equal to the above-mentioned in charm is "Once Upon a Wintertime," in which we hear Frances Langford's rich and pleasing voice. This one has horse-drawn sleighs and falling snow, ice capers and romance. Perfect cooler-offer for an Indian summer's day.

The kids will go for Pecos Bill, a fabulous lad who is raised with a family of coyotes and grows up to be the roughest, toughest hombre you ever did see. And then Cupid lands a heavenly haymaker and Bill's weak in the knees with love! Roy Rogers is Bill's voice, and don't think the youngsters won't shriek with glee when they hear it.

"Bumble Boogie" with Freddie Martin supplying the piano background is a wonderfully imaginative little thing involving the nightmare flight of a bumble bee. "Blame It On the Samba" cleverly combines human actors with animated figures, and Ethel Smith makes superfine music on the organ. "Little Toot" is the cute story of a naughty Mickey Rooney-ish tugboat who succeeds at length in making Big Toot, his daddy, proud of him. The Andrews Sisters, in good voice, sing his story. And "Trees" is a dramatization of the lyrical version of Joyce Kilmer's well-loved poem, with Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians making it memorable.

Do see *Melody Time*. You'll come away with a song in your heart.—*RKO*.



Melody Time: Luanna Patten, Bobby Driscoll, Roy Rogers in Disney's musical cartoon fantasy.

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Tap Roots: Susan Hayward and newspaperman Van Heflin in Technicolor Civil War drama.

TAP ROOTS

Tap Roots has for its setting Mississippi at the outbreak of the Civil War. Here, you'll find some exciting hand to hand fighting scenes, some lovely Technicolor countryside and a couple of very pretty gals, but you won't, unfortunately, see a very good picture.

Morna Dabney (Susan Hayward) has been engaged to Clay MacIvor (Whitfield Connor) for some time, and although their new home is almost completed, Morna feels that they shouldn't marry because of the war. Susan's old grandfather (a ridiculously overdrawn character with a rough way, but a heart of gold) predicts practically on his deathbed that if this beautiful and fiery granddaughter of his doesn't marry and settle down immediately, she will come to no good end.

As it turns out, the old fellow's a pretty good prophet. Susan, in rapid succession, is thrown from her horse and paralyzed from the waist down—forever, her doctor says; she loses her man to flirtatious and able-bodied sister (Julie London); and in a brave attempt to put off a surprise attack on the people of the Lebanon Valley where she lives, she unwittingly brings destruction to those she loves best.

The film's chief weakness is its miscasting. Susan Hayward doesn't come off at all as the impetuous gal her grandfather describes. She is entirely too tearful and totally lacking in inner fire, as is Van Heflin who—as the notorious newspaper man in love with Susan throughout—isn't nearly as swashbuckling as one would like. Boris Karloff, as an American Indian with a British accent, seems a bit embarrassed about the whole thing.

Interesting as a little-known chapter of American history—the fight for the Lebanon Valley—the picture is not worthy of its fine cast.—*Univ.-Int.*

THE VELVET TOUCH

There seems to be a vogue current in Hollywood for murder movies in which the audience knows "whodunit," but the people in the movie do not. Such a tale is *The Velvet Touch* with Ros Russell playing a hot-headed, heavy-handed wench who does in her unscrupulous producer and erstwhile love, Leon Ames. The story is exciting enough, with



The Velvet Touch: Ros Russell plays ambitious actress; Leon Ames, her unscrupulous producer.

Sydney Greenstreet playing an admirable police captain, but it has one big fault. Ros's fiance, Leo Genn, the man whom she adores, the man for love of whom she conks poor Leon Ames a fatal conk, is totally inadequate.

Rosalind Russell plays the part of Valerie Stanton, a great comedienne who yearns to do the dramatic role of *Hedda Gabler*. At a party she meets architect Michael Morrell (Leo Genn) and falls dead in love with him. Morrell, a cliché expert if there ever was one, encourages her in her dramatic aspirations.

Valerie's producer, Gordon Dunning (Leon Ames), is violently opposed to her doing *Hedda Gabler*, and when she tells him that she plans to do it for another producer, he is furious. First he tries to reason with her, then he threatens to tell Morrell about her past. At this point, Valerie lets him have it.

There is an immediate inquest, and all the evidence points to Marian Webster (Claire Trevor), another actress who has long been in love with Dunning. The subsequent unraveling of the mystery is engrossing, but the ending is not entirely satisfactory.

Rosalind's husband, Frederick Brisson, produced this film, and he has done a good job. It is swift and entertaining, with Leon Ames, Claire Trevor and Greenstreet outstanding in their roles. Ros is excellent in her dramatic portrait of a woman with a guilty conscience. —*RKO.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The day Mel Torme was to be a guest of a local record shop, I turned out with the rest of the girls. Mel was standing right next to me autographing my record when I noticed the empty pipe dangling from his mouth. "Hey," I said, "there's no tobacco in your pipe." "I know," he answered, "I don't smoke."

Rose Hull
New Britain, Conn.

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Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!



dorothy kilgallen selects "rope"



Farley Granger, a psychopath; James Stewart, his former teacher, in *Rope.*

■ Artful Alfred Hitchcock, de luxe experimenter in methods of crimes and ways of criminals, has erected a landmark in movie-making with his picture called *Rope.*

There never has been anything like it on the screen.

Never have actors in the medium of celluloid been subjected to such gruelling tests of memory and performance. Never has a director compromised less with the demands of Hollywood tradition and the alleged tastes of movie audiences. Never has the Johnston office stamped its okay on such a vicious, if compelling, combination of neuroticism, cynicism, sadism and murder.

This is the answer to the pundits who cry for more intelligent, more "adult" movies. Here is one not aimed at the twelve-year-olds, the devotees of the horse operas, or the admirers of musicals featuring old songs and Betty Grable's knees. *Rope* takes the unpleasantly fascinating story of two educated, good-looking, sophisticated and more than somewhat psychopathic young men of Manhattan who decide to commit a murder to prove their superiority, and photographs it rigidly within the boundaries of the area in which the crime would occur in actual fact: namely, a three-room apartment. There are no concessions to action, variety or physical excitement.

Yet, despite the limits which he placed upon himself for the sake of accuracy and daring cinematic experiment, Hitchcock manages his customary quota of suspense and surpasses himself in achieving a nerve-racking mood from the opening scene until the end. It is an almost unbearably dreadful story, but audiences are going to remain cemented to their seats while it unfolds.

Jimmy Stewart is the big name of the cast, and he does a fine job as the off-center professor who first suspects, then solves the crime, but the most remarkable performances in the film are given by John Dall and Farley Granger as the two horrendous young men. They create such an atmosphere of abnormality and evil that the mind cringes and the stomach sickens, watching them; they are superbly cast and their versions of what amount to New York counterparts of Loeb and Leopold must have fulfilled Hitchcock's most optimistic dreams.

They are abetted by Joan Chandler, an excellent young actress with strength and intelligence, and Edith Evanson, who contributes considerably to the suspense by her portrayal of the maid in the murder apartment. All the casting was done with a sure hand and a feeling for the New York mood.

Rope is the first film in Hollywood history to be shot a whole reel at a time with no breaks for close-ups, inserts or changes of camera angle. The film was put in the camera, the actors moved and spoke, and the picture was taken with perfect continuity—another major contribution to the final effect of chilling realism. Also, it is the first Hitchcock excursion into homicide to be done in Technicolor—a factor that adds to the general atmosphere of glossy horror.

The motion picture fan who doesn't hurry to see *Rope* is cheating himself of not only an exciting evening of drama but a firsthand view of a slice of cinema history.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



JOHN AGAR, handsome hubby of Shirley Temple, was born at Lake Forest, Ill., on Jan. 31, 1921. He is 6' 4", weighs 190 lbs. and has blue eyes and blond hair. You can write to him at RKO, Hollywood, Calif., and see him in Fort Apache.



PATRICIA NEAL debuts in John Loves Mary. *Was born in Packard, Kentucky, on Jan. 20, 1926. She is 5' 7½", weighs 130 lbs. and has hazel eyes and brown hair. She can be reached at Warners, Burbank, Cal.*



ROBERT STACK returns to the screen in A Date with Judy. *Bob was born in Los Angeles, California, on Jan. 12, 1919. He is 6' tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. Is a bachelor. Reach him at Paramount, Hollywood, Calif.*

Minnie Kent, Seattle: Here is the music from Date with Judy: Judaline, I'm Strictly on the Corny Side, Temptation, Through the Years, It's a Most Unusual Day, Home Sweet Home, Love is Where You Find it, Quanto Le Gusto, Cooking with Glass, Vamo a Rumbio.

Norma, Salisbury, Conn.: VIC DAMONE was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 12, 1928. He is 6', weighs 170 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. Is unmarried. Write him at 260 W. Broadway, New York City. JOHNNY BRADFORD, star of NBC Television, radio, and Victor records, was born in Long Branch, N. J., on July 2, 1919. He is 5'9" tall, and has blue eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Station WNBW, N. B. C., Washington, D. C.

Is the heat driving you to the movies, and are movie questions driving you to distraction? Yes? Well send your questions to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 261 5th Avenue, N. Y. 16, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

FREE OFFER: Send a self-addressed envelope for HOW TO START A FAN CLUB. ACADEMY AWARD LIST SINCE ORIGIN.

SPECIAL OFFER

HERE IT IS AT LAST! (And well worth the waiting for!) The brand new 1948-49 Super Star Information Chart, revised, containing info on 500 of your all-time favorites, PLUS 100 NEW STARS. Over 10,000 facts in all. Send 10c and a business size self-addressed, stamped envelope to THE SERVICE DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 16, for your copy.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Such deep luxurious waves. So soft, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. But before trying Toni, you'll want the answers to these questions:

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Can I do it myself?
Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

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Definitely. The Toni wave puts a half-day back in your life. You don't have to spend hours away from home. While your Toni wave is "taking" you can go about your housework or do whatever you like.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1 . . . *yet there's no finer wave at any price.*

Which twin has the TONI?
Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister, Ann, had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." Jewel, the twin with the Toni, is on the left.



Tune in "Give and Take" 2 p. m., Eastern Time, Saturday, CBS Network



At last! A dazzling luxury polish—at a dazzling new, low price!

Nail Brilliance by Cutex → *Only 25¢* PLUS TAX

YOURS FOR A SONG! Yours for the most fabulous finger tips that ever twinkled! Nail Brilliance—the utterly, excitingly new kind of polish.

Here's luxury unsurpassed by the highest-priced polishes. Yet it costs a mere 25¢.

New . . . the luxury bottle! Exquisite as a fine perfume bottle. Steady-based too. And you'll "paint" like a genius with that beautifully balanced artist-type brush with camel hair tip.

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New . . . such ravishing beauty! Ten tantalizing shades for every fashion, every need. Nail Brilliance *stays* brilliant too—never turns "cloudy." So dazzle yourself and your audience. Get Nail Brilliance today!

NEW! COLOR-KEYED CUTEX LIPSTICK! Creamy, luscious, clinging—created for perfect color harmony with Nail Brilliance shades. Only 49¢, plus tax. Try it!

challenge to hollywood

An open letter to Olivia de Havilland, Eddie Bracken and Katharine Hepburn

■ In 1943, you, Katharine Hepburn, retorted to Claire Luce's attack on the then-vice-president of the United States, Henry Wallace. Speaking of Mrs. Luce's newly-coined word "Globaloney," you said, "It's cheap—it's the cleverness that goes with fancy shoes and chic. Let someone try to look ahead seriously and bravely to the problems of the post war, and attempt to create a pattern of decency in the world to come, and he will be a mark for silly, meaningless wisecracks. The more high-minded and intent a man like Mr. Wallace is, the simpler it is to make him appear ridiculous. It's always easy to satirize greatness."

In 1944, you, Eddie Bracken, announced that you were backing Thomas E. Dewey (then running against Franklin D. Roosevelt) for President. "I state my case, even though I may be ruined for taking this position," you said.

In 1947, you, Olivia De Havilland, a working Democrat, said: "I am a middle of the roader. I used to belong to the Independent Citizens Committee. That went left of the middle, so I resigned."

We have chosen you three—actors and citizens—because you present widely differing political philosophies. We challenge you because you (and others like you) have, in the past, had the courage to speak your minds. We want you to have that courage again, in this most crucial election year.

It is every individual's duty to vote, in a democracy. More, it is every individual's *right* to state his beliefs. You movie people have the advantage of being in the public eye; you can put your views across, you can wield tremendous influence.

If, through fear of diminishing box office returns, or the malice of congressional committees, you refuse to speak out, it's your privilege. But once you've surrendered your right to free speech, you've surrendered it for all time. You've invited any publicity-seeking congressional committee to trample all over you because they know they can get away with it. You've admitted that any ordinary man in the street who says what he thinks has more civil rights than you have. You've allowed yourselves to be discriminated against because you're public idols. It doesn't make sense.

This is a year not to be afraid, and you, in Hollywood, can set the pace.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



Dixie and Hedda on the Crosbys' porch in Holmby Hills. Now Bing's building a house in Carmel, close to his favorite golf course.

■ "No doubt about it, Hedda," grinned Dixie Crosby, "something's come over Bing. You don't suppose he's going social all of a sudden, do you?"

I laughed right out loud. I couldn't help it. The picture of Bing Crosby worrying about who's doing what with whom in Hollywood struck me about as cockeyed as, say, Humphrey Bogart playing with dolls!

"Take the première of *The Emperor Waltz,*" Dixie began. "All of a sudden that evening Bing strolled in my room and said, 'Well, let's get ready.' "

"What for—bed?" I asked. "It was around that time—eight o'clock."

"My girl," he explained, "for your information, tonight is a mammoth milestone in Hollywood history. Tonight's the première of *The Emperor Waltz*—ahem—my latest triumph!"

"I asked him, 'Are you feeling all right? I sent those première tickets back to Paramount over a week ago.' "

Bing said, "I think maybe they'll let us in. Where's my tuxedo?"

"If you can punch your way through the moths, it might be in that dark closet corner!" said Dixie. "But be sure to take off the Landon-For-President button!"

As for me, Hopper, I admit I shook my head in surprise when I spied Dixie and Bing at *The Emperor Waltz* première—and when I met them later, too, at producer Henry Ginsberg's party, saw them romantically serenaded with fiddled love songs. Not long ago, too, back in New York, Bing and Dix actually took in a big Paramount birthday party in his honor, and in Hollywood a couple of steppings out at Mocambo, *à deux,* was my tip that it was high time I caught up on my old pal, Dixie Lee Crosby. When the Crosbys start stepping out in public, something's cooking.

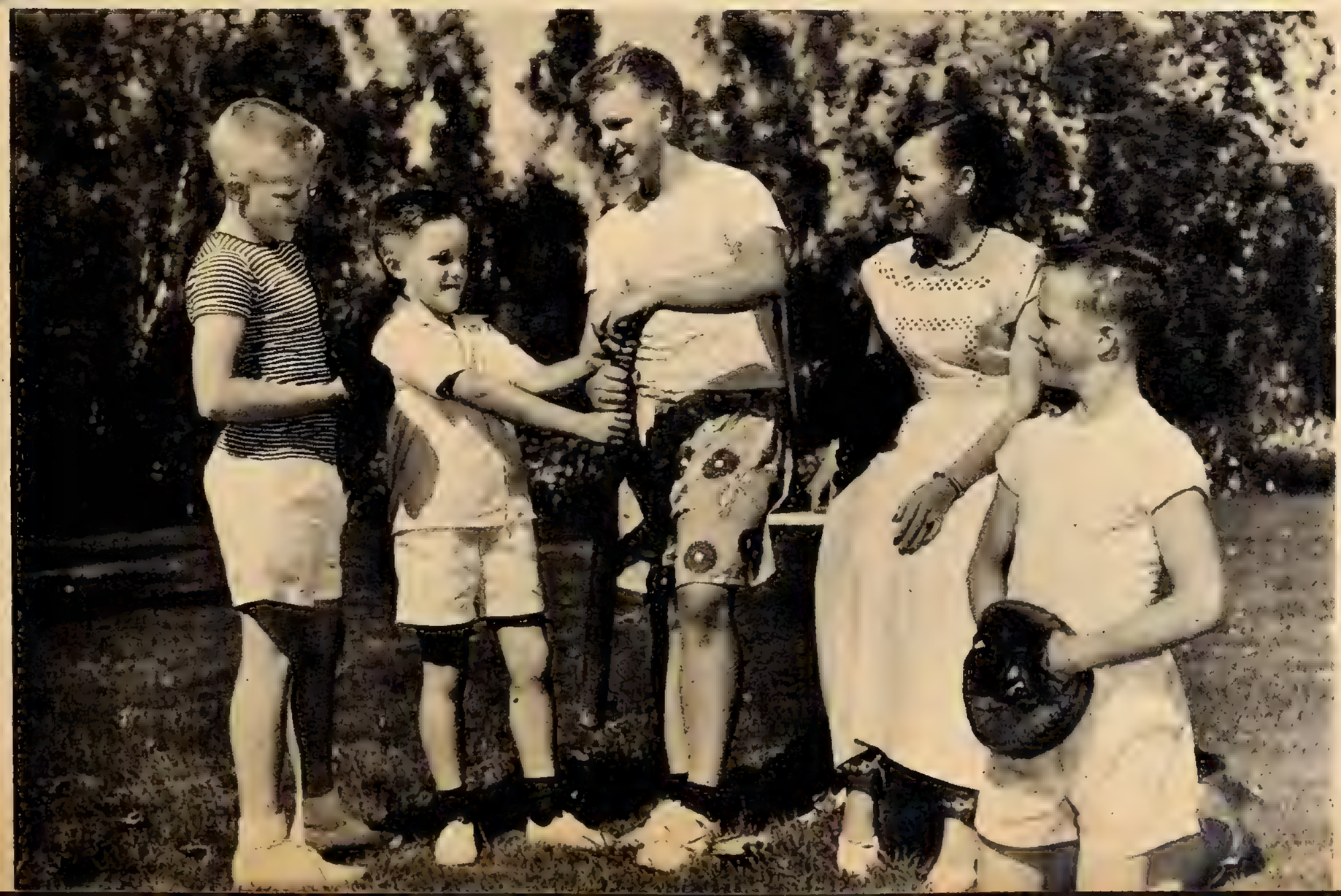
Well, I've always loved Dixie, (*Continued on page 76*)

Strictly from Dixie

There's always been something missing in the Crosby picture, and now Hedda tells you what —one of the cutest Hollywood wives, one of the cleverest Hollywood mothers. Her name is Dixie Lee . . .

by Hedda Hopper

It's always baseball for Linnie, Dennis, Gary (in the fancy pants) and Phil (Linnie's twin). Mom bears up.



"Tough? He never
hits old ladies and that look
on his face is the one
he was born with," says
sister Julie, remembering
Bob as a kid, remembering
Bob with love . . .

my brother's a fake!



by
julie
mitchum

■ My brother's a fake. That's what
I said. I'm sick of people murmuring, "Oh,
Mitchum!" the way they'd say, "Oh,
Baby-Face Nelson," or "Oh, Pretty-Boy
Floyd." My brother's as sensitive as the next guy.
He practically never murders anybody,
and he doesn't eat raw meat three times a day.
Tough? How can I think of him as tough?
I keep remembering the little kid who used to
think he was completely dressed as long as he had
his hat on his head (the rest of him could be
au naturel). That's Mitchum to me.

So's the fourteen-year-old boy who ran
away from home to explore the swamps of Okeechobee
in Florida; so's the boy who, when he was a
little older, cut himself in twenty places (it was the first
time he'd shaved) but kept grimly on until he'd finished—about two thimbles of blood short of bleeding to death!

Little pictures of Bob keep popping into my
mind, and connecting up to make one big, complete picture of him. Maybe it's not the picture
you'd expect, but it's all true, every line of it.

When critics commented on the realistic
way he played the disillusioned army captain in
The Story of G. I. Joe, I couldn't help telling myself that
playing an army captain was nothing for him.
At six, he played a cowboy and was gone from home
all day on a roundup in which he lassoed a
whole herd of big black horses in the railroad
switch yards not far away! It is true that Bob
didn't come home (*Continued on page 91*)



It started
two years ago—
a bunch of kids
from Hollywood
getting together.
It never ended—
the gay whirl,
the bright laughter . . .

the **garner gang**

Brownies and potato chips are a must—and gossip goes with them in Peggy Ann's kitchen. (L. to r.) Connie Marshall, Arden Black, Peggy Ann and Faith Pennington.



Waiting for the boys is easier when there's jazz to be heard. Peggy Ann's record library is one of the largest in Hollywood. Stan Kenton and Mel Torme are favorites.



The gang was born in Palm Springs during an Easter vacation—kids have been pals since. (Above) Harry Macy sits up front in Peg's '47 Ford. Destination: Harry's pool.



photos by bob beerman and bert parry

■ *"Gang,"* states Webster's Collegiate, solemnly. *"A company of persons acting together for some purpose, usually criminal."*

"Webster," cries Peggy Ann Garner's mother. "You said it!" And maybe she's thinking of Friday nights, and the phonograph screaming raucously (Stan Kenton's "Peanut Vendor," over and over) and the noise of a million feet crashing pitilessly on the floors, until a poor woman can only sit back and pray for the riot squad to break up the party.

Two years ago, it started. Peggy Ann had gone to Palm Springs on her Easter vacation to visit Barbara Whiting, her very dearest pal. She'd no sooner arrived than the phone rang. Darrylin Zanuck (guess whose daughter *she* is) was throwing a party that night, and if there was one thing Peggy Ann and Barbara favored, it was parties. They went, they met Bob Dozier, Harry Macy, Fred Soll, Arden Black, Connie Marshall, Faith Pennington, Frank Cole and Jim Potter (a group of young sports whose families are all more or less involved in the movie industry) and, somewhere along the line, they became a "gang."

The kids all go to the same schools (either University High, or Beverly High); most of them have cars (Peggy Ann's is a '47 Ford convertible, tan); and their activities are endless. They swim, they ride horses; they barn-dance; (*Continued on next page*)

▲ When the portable phonograph's set up, and the food's in the refrigerator, the kids relax. Here, Arden Black's getting "the works" —Frank Cole and Fred Soll have a small tug of war with the lady.

▼ A young man has to keep fit—and Jim Potter knows how. He stretches out on the diving board and gets a massage. Peggy Ann and Connie (the only actresses in the group) give it to him.

(*Continued from preceding page*) they sit around Harry Macy's pool (the day we snapped 'em for instance); and they play hide and seek in a cemetery because they think it's more fun that way.

As far as music goes, they like Stan Kenton and Mel Torme, and that's putting it so mildly it's ridiculous. They detest nearly everybody else's music with equal vigor.

Arden Black, who's a year older than Peggy Ann, and Connie Marshall, who's a year younger, all had the same lunch period this last school year, and they did so much more talking than they did eating, they probably lost weight. There was one pretty stark discussion, the day Peggy Ann faced the others and said grimly, "We forgot the Kenton concert last night." It was all too true, and for one mad moment, they considered killing themselves, but a couple of the boys came along and insulted them, and life went on.

Peggy Ann had been hoping to spend the summer at Lake Arrowhead with Arden and Arden's family, but an Eagle-Lion picture came up—a picture called *The Big Cat,* opposite Lon McCallister—and for this, she has to go to Utah, on location. They tell her it's lovely in Utah, all mountains, and she's pleased with the idea.

MODERN SCREEN's got one chunk of advice for Eagle-Lion, however: Before you start your closed trucks rolling toward Utah, Eagle-Lion—look inside. You may find one of them filled with a bunch of teen-agers. You'll know them by their loud shirts and by the record on the victrola. The record will be "The Peanut Vendor." The teen-agers will be "The Garner Gang."



Life is rugged with this gang—and you have to keep smiling. Connie Marshall (above) gets a dousing from Bob Dozier. Maybe later, she'll have him tossed into the pool!



Harry Macy plays host to Peggy Ann at the barbecue. Favorite summer spots for the gang are Catalina and Balboa. Peggy Ann's going to Utah this year, though, for *Big Cat.*





Everybody swims, but Jim Potter, Connie, Fred Soll and Peggy Ann stage a fight first. Peggy's Mom thinks there ought to be more gangs like Garner's.

the
garner
gang

my favorite hollywood designers

Their price tags could give you a headache, but these designers take care. They line their salons with satin, and beautiful models and music . . .

by Cobina Wright

Designer Howard Greer claims Paris fashions are over-rated—says their popularity is based on snob appeal. He works out his ideas with dolls and sketches. Below, he drapes miniature model of Eve Arden.

Head-designer at M-G-M, Irene has own establishment, too. One of her pet customers is Esther Williams (above) whose "figure is wonderful." Hepburn also rates high; Irene thinks Kate has excellent eye for design.





Soft music floats over Loretta Young's head in Adrian's Green Room, a plushy salon. Attendant adds finishing touch to her gown of cerise chiffon; it's called "The Flame That Went Out Dancing."

■ Hollywood designers are a pretty clubby lot. They figure they have nothing to learn from Paris, and maybe they haven't.

I guess my five favorites are Adrian, Irene, Howard Greer, Marusia, and Madame Genia.

Adrian was once a designer for M-G-M, and there he learned the tastes of stars like Joan Crawford and Loretta Young. He learned them so well that both these ladies still come knocking at his door.

I sat in the Green Room of his Beverly Hills salon, the other day, watching Loretta model a cerise chiffon gown. She was on a little platform flanked by pillars, in front of a stage-setting backdrop, and soft music drifted over her head, while attendants pinned and tucked. Adrian requires three fittings per gown, but he makes them painless.

Incidentally, he hates the New Look. "The Dowdy Look," he cries bitterly, against the rising tide. "Those horrible sloping shoulders; those clumsy skirts!" If you want a suit with shoulder pads, Adrian's still doing 'em that way. He'll let a customer choose color (*Continued on page 117*)



photos by bert parry and bob beerman

Marusia started designing professionally two years ago, at the suggestion of friends. Her low-cut gowns (here, Paulette Goddard wears one of sunset-satin) have built-in supports.

fun house

"It's a palace," Junie said. "We'll rattle around." But the Powells have turned a big, cold mansion into a cozy, laugh-filled home.

By JANE WILKIE

Powells moved into English manor home last spring.

■ A house that is lived in and loved is almost certain to reflect the personality of its owners. Which is why the house belonging to the Richard Powells, though it's big and rambling, and dignifiedly surrounded by spacious lawns and formal rose gardens, still maintains a rather gleeful, carefree air. Its owners live, let live, and work at cross purposes, half the time.

Last spring, right after they bought the place, Richard announced that he was going to hack down the tree in back of the drying yard.

June stiffened. "No. No more trees down, Richard. Please!"

"My dear girl," said Richard, "it simply has to come down. It keeps the sun off the clotheslines."

A half hour later, June, who had disappeared, came driving toward the house, a leafy object protruding from the window of her car.

"What's that?" said Dick.

"A peach tree," said June. "For every tree you cut (*Continued on next page*)



Lamps that light the Powell home are exquisite heirlooms of silver or brass. With the aid of Dick's patient teaching and a few good books, June can now distinguish between genuine antiques and latest shipment from Grand Rapids.

Wrought-iron patio furniture was pushed into corners to make room for ping-pong table, which June bought to surprise Dick.



June's mania for cleanliness is evident in the kitchen, which is all-white, except for few touches of red. Dish towels and china, as well as bath towels, sheets and linens are pure white.



This large chair is a piece June selected herself—and Dick hasn't made her send it back yet! Tiered curtains are beige and green; book shelf is only one in the entire house.

photos by bob beerman and bert parry

fun house



The den is the first place Dick lands when he comes home from work on *The Pitfall*. Here, he can talk on the phone for 2 hrs.—uninterruptedly. (Note clock in shield over fireplace.)



Dick's study serves as a game room for his fishing, hunting and yachting equipment. Mr. and Mrs. Powell also conduct the secretarial work of the household at this bleached oak desk.

The walls of three rooms were broken through to make June and Dick's over-sized bedroom. Centered in the predominantly pink setting is June's circular writing desk, where the star of *Little Women* studies her script in comfortable solitude.

Deep green is the key color in the living room, and the dark wood paneling has been bleached. The Powells are proud of the huge hooked rug, woven for them by an elderly couple. The coffee table before the fireplace is a game table, cut down.



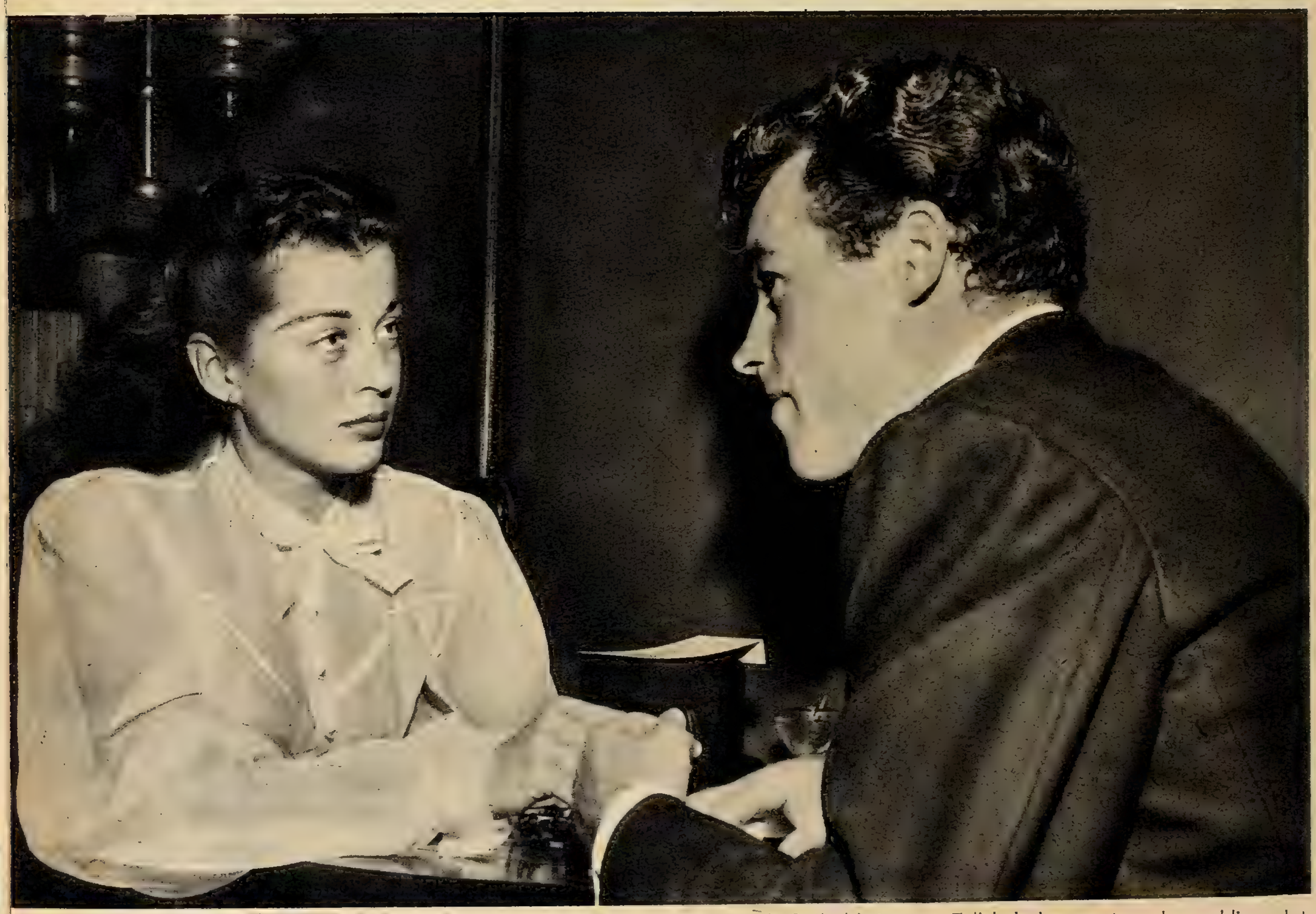
(Above)–Close-up view of the top surface of June's desk.

(*Continued from page 46*) down I'll plant another one."

And she has. The Allyson Forest Conservation Plan has been going on as long as they've been in the house. And as of this writing, there is a peach growing on the Powell estate. The fruit in question is an inch in diameter, but every visitor is led to the sacred spot and made to examine and exclaim over this wonder.

Inside the house, Mrs. Powell has learned, through trial and error (mostly error) about antique furniture, a subject on which Mr. Powell is a connoisseur. Where he is concerned, antique furniture does not mean horsehair sofas, velvet portieres or frightening chairs. It means, rather, beautiful old tables whose wood has been carefully rubbed, and exquisite pieces of crystal, china, silver and brass. The furniture blends with the leaded windows and oaken beams as though it had been built into the house. Dick has lectured and explained at great length to his wife, and with the added information of a few good books, June can now (*Continued on page 112*)

Hollywood's



Guy has gone East for summer stock; yet rumor persists that he and Gail (dining at Tallyho) have set early wedding date.

"They share dishes,"
says one waiter. "They're
married." "They speak with their
eyes," says another.
"They're not." Hollywood's
favorite guessing game is still:
Are Guy and Gail married?

BY JACK WADE

strangest romance

■ If, a couple of years ago, you had marked a dot on a street map of Los Angeles to indicate where Gail Russell lived, and another one to represent the location of Guy Madison's home, you would have noticed that the two dots were widely separated. But one dot—the one that represented Guy—was restless. It kept roving as Guy kept changing his address. First it was in Los Angeles proper. Then it skittered round into the San Fernando Valley and stayed there a while. Then, just the other day, came a decisive move. It jumped south, clear across the Santa Monica Mountains, to nestle—need we say it?—right up against the first dot!

That was when Hollywood, which has been watching these dots, you may be sure, sat up and said, "Ah-ha!"

So close are these dots now, that, were they twinkling lights in the heavens, astronomers would class them as companion stars—stars that travel together. And the astronomers would be right, of course. Guy and Gail certainly travel around a lot together. They have been doing it for three years. And that's exactly why Hollywood is in a dither to find out what it is all about.

Three years! What are they trying to do—re-establish the old-fashioned, long engagements? Where are they going with their romance—or have they been? One of the strongest mass hunches in town is that they are secretly married and have been for some time. Gail says no. Guy says no. But *how* do they say it? Well, judge for yourself.

Along the padded, east wall of Ciro's (padded decoratively, you understand, and not as a reflection on the mental state of any of its patrons) there are some attractive tables for two. Seated at one of these the other night were Guy and Gail, and Guy was talking to a friend:

"No, I'm not going to get married until I'm really set in pictures." He looked at Gail and they exchanged an understanding smile. "Being together when you're not married is nice, but when you're married, it could be dull."

Gail nodded. "I understand Guy's feelings perfectly," she declared. "I would want to help his career, not hurt it, and right now his appeal is to the romantic-minded. Marriage might hurt it. He has enough on the ball so that with hard work he should establish himself with everybody. When that happens, well, we'll wait and see."

Nice talk. Why doesn't Hollywood believe it? Well, it's because Guy, even while he is talking as above, can also supply you with the last detail of his idea of a perfect "dream home," even to the kitchen color scheme and the size and shape of the patio flagstones. He has it down so pat you can't help feeling that somewhere there are exact architect's plans that he has been studying—and architects don't sweat over their drafting boards for the indefinite future!

It's also because Gail, even while she is agreeing with Guy, is staring at him so dreamily and being so sweetly domestic about it! Do you begin to get the idea now? Hollywood has found it just a little hard to believe that these two, so enamored of each other that they spend evenings reading each other's eyes, have been able to sell themselves the cold-blooded proposition that romance can wait for career. (*Continued on page 98*)

Joan of Arc

A great picture, as seen by one of its great stars, —— Jose Ferrer

■ Having come to Hollywood direct from the Broadway stage, I was inclined to be a trifle snobbish about movies, I think. Any movies. So it was particularly strange that my first screen experience should have been with *Joan of Arc*. Because *Joan* is not an ordinarily good picture; it's much more. *Joan* is great.

It's great because of the care and attention that was lavished on every detail; it's great because of Ingrid Bergman, the star; it's great because its inspiration, Joan of Arc, was one of those rare creatures who shape the world toward a more lovely end. Joan of Arc looked for the truth, she followed the truth—ultimately, she died for what she believed to be the truth. Miss Bergman felt very deeply about the Joan story, and her feeling communicated itself to even the most sophisticated actors among us.

Naturally there was a lot of fooling around on the set in between shots; there were girl extras—very pretty, too—and the atmosphere often wasn't conducive to deep thought. But just let Bergman get going, and people hushed, listened almost awe-struck.

I remember having dinner with Bergman one night. She lit a cigarette, and I was startled. "I've never seen you smoke before," I said.

(*Continued on next page*)



1 "Joan of Arc with her peasant family. She alone knows (through her Voices) of her mission to save France from the English. Her face shows dedication."



2 "Here Joan begs me (the Dauphin) to allow her to lead the French armies to victory. Anybody can see I'd have to yield to such transports."



3 "Joan is wounded in battle—this is typical of the sort of thing the Dauphin let Joan do for him, while he sat back and enjoyed a dissolute life."



4 "Through Joan's efforts I am crowned; yet even at the moment when my dream of becoming King has been achieved, I suspect Joan of ambition."

photos by don ornitz

Joan of Arc



5 "Jacques D'Arc has a meeting with Joan, after the Coronation. He's awed by his now-famous daughter. Joan is preoccupied, fears betrayal before France shall be completely liberated."



6 "As King, I sell Joan out, make her disband her army; she surrenders her sword back to God. This brooding picture is symbolic of the Joan story—the altar and the sword, the combination of military and religious effort."

(*Continued from preceding page*) She smiled, half-embarrassed. "I don't smoke in my *Joan* costume. It's just a little sign of respect."

Ingrid Bergman herself commands enough respect so that it's worth a brief mention. She has dignity; she's the most beautiful thing in the world; she's a decent person. For me, and the rest of the cast, she set the mood, during the shooting of *Joan*.

People work remarkably well together, anyway, when that kind of mutual feeling exists. Take your Don Ornitz, for instance—he used his camera like an artist; he got rich pictures. I watched him work on several occasions; his patience was infinite, his enthusiasm limitless.

I commend you to his pictures on these pages—and because I am still with this motion picture in spirit, I am going to tell you the highlights of the story. I'm going to write the captions. I'll write them from the point of view of the Dauphin—later crowned King of France—which weak and dissolute character I portray in the film. I hope his sins will not be held against me.



8 "Joan is led to the cemetery, given her last chance to recant. Knowing herself forsaken by me, and exhausted beyond her strength, she gives in, signs with her mark a paper claiming her Voices were sent by the devil."

7 "Forbidden by me to continue fighting, Joan is ambushed by a group of English soldiers, captured, brought to trial before an English Ecclesiastical court as a witch. Throughout her trial, she hopes I, her King, will ransom her; steadfastly she refuses to recant, to betray the Voices which have shaped her destiny. Even in the torture chamber, face to face with the executioner, weak, unfed, afraid—Joan's faith abides."



9 "Back in her cell, Joan speaks again with her Voices, has a renewal of faith, and resolves to die bravely. 'The pain will not be little, but it will end,' she says. She is driven to the stake in a wooden cart."

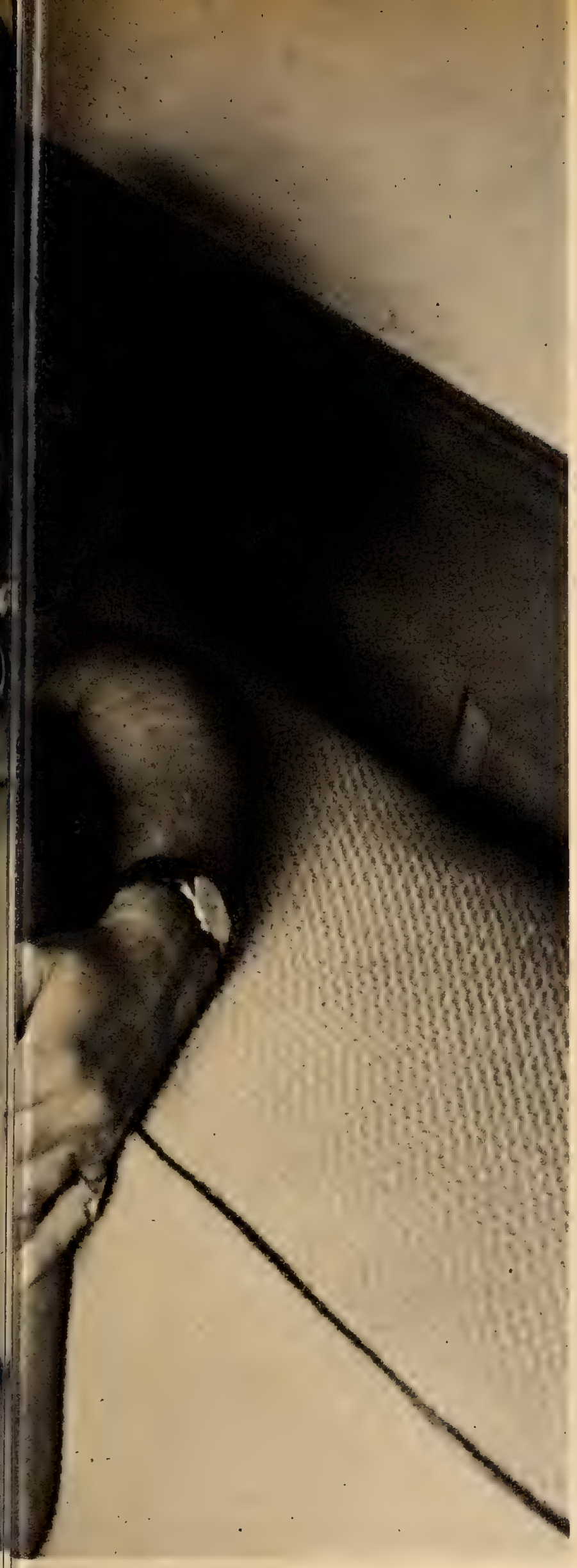


10 "A priest holds up a crucifix for Joan to see. Out of the flames come her last words, 'Jesus, Jesus . . .' And the executioner, who watches, says, 'I shall be damned, for I am burning a saint.'"



"I'm going to marry Ty!"

Here, for the first time anywhere, Linda Christian tells all—says when, where and whether she'll marry Tyrone Power!



by Linda Christian

as told to Robert Peer

■ *Ever since Tyrone Power and Linda Christian met last year, in Rome, there's been intense curiosity about their plans. Up until now, however, those plans have remained a secret. Here, for the first time, a family friend gets Linda to tell all—and part of what Linda says is marriage! Whether or not events work out the way Linda expects, Modern Screen prints this document as a matter of great public interest.*

The night we said goodbye, in Rome, Tyrone and I walked toward Fontana di Trevi, the most beautiful fountain in the city.

We seemed to be a long way from the rest of the world. The water of the fountain was bathed in silvery moonlight. Ty pointed at the many lira coins in the water:

"Sign of luck?" he asked. "Just like good old Chinatown, back home?"

I shook my head.

"Fontana di Trevi has a history, Ty. People throw coins into it if they want to come back here. They say their wishes always come true." For a few minutes we stood in silence.

Ty searched his trouser pockets for two lira coins. He gave me one, looked at me for a second, then threw the other into the glittering fountain.

My heart was beating fast as I watched my coin follow his. I closed my eyes and made a wish.

And now, seven months later, my wish is about to come true. In a few days, Ty and I will be leaving on the maiden flight of a TWA Constellation from Chicago to Lisbon, and from Lisbon, we'll drive on to Rome. We have planned this trip to the smallest detail.

We started to make preparations as soon as Ty found out that he was going to star in *Prince of Foxes*. It began with Spanish lessons. I was the instructor. While living in Mexico, I had learned to speak the language like a native. Ty was a wonderful pupil.

I shall never forget one afternoon at my house when I tried to explain the word "to break." Usually I have a very easy time acting out the different words, and their meanings. Just like playing charades. But that day I was lost. I broke a pencil into two pieces, right in front of Ty's eyes. The blank expression on his face was discouraging. I broke a second pencil. Ty's face contorted. Two pencils later, his eyes lit up: "To fracture," he burst out proudly.

I shook my head.

"To shatter," after the fifth pencil.

He looked tired now, and a little disheartened. "I know it couldn't be 'to break,'" he said. "That's too simple."

I couldn't keep a straight face any longer, and soon we were both hysterical.

Teaching Ty Spanish was only part of our preparation. To take along the right kind of clothes presented another serious problem. We had only limited space on board the Constellation, and also in the car that was to take us to Rome. Ty decided to take just three suits, and his flying jacket.

I shall take just slacks, blouses, a couple of cotton dresses which can easily be washed and ironed on the trip, one evening dress, and one bathing suit. Which reminds me of another ludicrous story.

Ty informed me that our regular bathing suits would never do in Portugal. "Men have to wear suits with attached tops," he said. "And women aren't allowed on the beaches unless they wear one-piece bathing suits with short skirts."

I was horrified. Where could I (*Continued on page 119*)



by
burt
lancaster

I hated myself...









If he'd gone Hollywood, Burt couldn't do honest portrayals of real people. Stills above are from *Sorry, Wrong Number.*

a while ago, and it all started the day my wife, Norma came back from the beauty parlor looking very annoyed. It seems that a number of women had commented on how lucky she was to be married to Burt Lancaster.

"If one more person tells me that," she fumed, "I'll give her a whatfor she won't forget!"

I laughed and said, "Well, you are lucky, kid. In fact, I'm going to call you Lucky from now on."

She didn't like that much, and I reached out to her but she turned away. I laughed again. Her head swung back and she looked at me oddly. Then I heard my laugh still sounding in my ears and realized there was something in it I didn't like; something puffed-up and condescending, that didn't go well with the moment at all. I got the feeling that there was a stranger present; that he had used my voice to air his high-flown opinion of himself, and that my wife had sensed it immediately. We both knew who he was. His name was "Big Shot" and it would be better if he went away.

I sat down later by myself and thought about it. I remembered what Mark Hellinger once told me.

"You're a nice enough guy, Burt," he said. "Nice enough now. But you'll go Hollywood. They all do sooner or later."

"Not me, Mark," I said.

He just laughed. Now I know what he meant. The truth is that I'm having trouble. I'm having trouble staying the same fellow I was when I first came out here. It's nothing new, but that doesn't (*Continued on page 114*)

how long can you stay great?



Ginger's slipping,
and—her friends say
—she tossed the
banana peel herself.
She tried to
run the whole show, and
somewhere along
the line she lost her way . . .

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

THESE STARS ARE HOLLYWOOD VETERANS

Star	No. of Pics	Years in Pics
JEAN ARTHUR	42	20
CONSTANCE BENNETT	44	24
JOAN BENNETT	53	19
JOAN BLONDELL	56	18
CLAUDETTE COLBERT	51	19
JOAN CRAWFORD	49	23
BETTE DAVIS	59	18
MARLENE DIETRICH	23	18
IRENE DUNNE	36	18
KATHARINE HEPBURN	24	16
MYRNA LOY	72	23
JEANETTE MACDONALD	28	19
GINGER ROGERS	54	18
ROSALIND RUSSELL	34	14
ANN SHERIDAN	56	15
BARBARA STANWYCK	52	19
LORETTA YOUNG	68	31



THE TRIUMPH. Ginger reached her peak at 29, with *Kitty Foyle* Oscar. Producer D. Hempstead and mother Rogers shared thrill.

■ In the spotlight they looked like sisters—Ginger Rogers and Lynn Fontanne. Yet Ginger was twenty-nine and Fontanne fifty.

The first lady of the stage was handing the first lady of the screen her Academy Oscar for *Kitty Foyle*.

That was eight years ago, but it's a scene few who saw have forgotten: The great Fontanne in a simple evening gown, poised, gracious and beautiful, despite her middle years, radiating accomplishment, dignity and success. Ginger, dripping black lace, slim, young, eager, ambitious, riding high. It was one of the most popular awards ever bestowed in Hollywood. Minutes before, Jimmy Stewart, another comparative kid actor, had dodged from the dais like a scared jackrabbit, clutching his Oscar for *Philadelphia Story*. It was a big night for youth. It pepped up every struggling young actor and actress everywhere who watched or listened. What happened this night could happen to any one of them.

As Lynn Fontanne smiled understandingly, Ginger broke into tears, choked with the emotion of the moment.

That night she was real. That night she was great.

A few weeks ago, Lynn Fontanne, now nearing sixty, came to Hollywood with *Oh, Mistress Mine*, her umpteenth Broadway hit, and the screen world turned out to honor her. Where was Ginger Rogers? Idle, in a slump, and on strike against herself.

That's a sad study in contrasts which should never have happened. It shouldn't, but it does. And in Hollywood always, for some bizarre reason, it happens around those mythically murderous middle years. The silliest superstition ever dreamed up to haunt a movie star's nightmares is "forty fever." Why a star of Ginger Rogers' experience—eighteen years in pictures—should (*Continued on next page*)



WAMPAS BABY. Loretta Young, a Wampas starlet at 16 (above), has been in films since she was 4, won her first Oscar this year. She's 35.



PERFECT SIREN. 20-year-old Myrna Loy had silent film reputation as an Oriental vamp. Graduating to Perfect Sweetheart, Perfect Wife and Perfect Mother roles, Myrna, now 43, has kept her popularity.



BAD SISTER. Drab little Bette Davis had only a supporting role in this 1930 film. The tide turned in 1934, with *Of Human Bondage*. Fiery new Davis later won two Oscars—for *Dangerous, Jezebel.*



DANCING DAUGHTER. Joan Crawford started her Hollywood climb in the flaming '20's, went on to dramas like *Forsaking All Others, Shining Hour.* After two flops in 1944, Joan "retired" temporarily; was re-established with Oscar-winner *Mildred Pierce,* in '46.

how long can you stay great?

(*Continued from page 61*) lose her level head before the bugaboo of vanishing girlhood is a mystery hard to explain. Ginger's thirty-seven, a mere babe in arms as actresses with her talents go. Yet, she's choosing, during this period in her life, to act up instead of act. Whose fault?

"Ginger tossed the banana peel for herself to slip on," says a producer who knows her, likes her, and hates to see it happen. "For one thing, she insists upon playing twenty-year-old girls. For another, she's running the whole show herself and running it all wrong. But she won't admit it. Why, after *The Magnificent Doll,* which everyone who wasn't blind could see was a horrible mistake, she said, 'I don't care; I still like it.' She's had four lousy pictures in a row and she's slipping like a greased pig, but she won't listen to advice. There's nothing the matter with Ginger Rogers that one great picture won't cure. But right now she doesn't believe in doctors."

That's a fairly sage sum-up of what ails Ginger Rogers today, careerwise, that is. She's feeling no particular pain, of course, financially. As one Hollywood joker put it, "What money Fred MacMurray left around Hollywood, Ginger Rogers has." Her price, around $300,000 a picture, is up with that of the biggest box-office stars in Hollywood, although how long it will stay there if she goes stubbornly along her lonesome way, is a question.

"If she'd put herself in the hands of a good studio, just as a star, nothing else, she'd snap out of it fast," says another diagnostician. "Don't think any studio is going to risk the kind of money Ginger's salary represents without making sure it comes back home." But instead of being "just a star" lately, Ginger Rogers has been trying to make like a one-girl band. Her last all-Rogers production, *Wild Calendar,* was "postponed indefinitely" after a year's work and worry. Before she gave up on that, Ginger was making business deals, (*Continued on page 104*)

Mr. Grant builds a dream

by Erskine Johnson

They were standing on deck in the moonlight, the night he discovered a dream. Her name's Betsy Drake and her future's as bright as her eyes.

■ It was the first night out from England, on the Queen Mary, bound for New York City.

From high up among the tiered decks floated the strains of music that spoke of dancing and ship-board romance. The swank supper salon of the luxury passenger liner boasted an equally swank supper clientele.

The tall, handsome American sitting at Merle Oberon's table, large hands smothering an after-dinner coffee-cup, was Cary Grant, returning home from a picture-talk trip with producers in London. His eyes wandered around the room, struck a snag and held.

"That girl—I've seen her somewhere." His eyes held on their target.

Oberon wasn't having any. "Now, Cary. Isn't that an old saw from a *bon vivant* like you?"

"No, really I have."

Lucien Ballard, Merle's husband, said, "What girl?" and Merle couldn't stand the suspense any longer, so she turned toward the target.

Across the dance floor sat two girls, but it was obvious that Cary meant the one with the dark brown hair and bushy eyebrows. With a face almost plain, but striking, the girl in question continued the business of changing rare roast beef into nourishment, unaware that she was the subject of discussion.

"But of course you have," said Merle Oberon, "that's Betsy (*Continued on page 96*)



Cary's with Betsy (opposite) in his new film.



the case of the GULLIBLE BRIDE

She had no right to privacy, they told her, and Lana believed them. She smiled at the press like a lady should—but those boys were no gentlemen!

BY KAAREN PIECK



In Paris, Lana (in *Three Musketeers*) coaxed husband Bob into the salon of Jacques Fath (right), French designer. While visiting occupation troops in Germany, Lana was stricken with flu, is now recuperating in France.



The lucky guy is Frank Brewer, British auto racer. The Toppings introduced the Midget Auto sport to England; venture was a flop.



Lana's mis-handled London press conference resulted in public lambasting. Reporters were pushed around, made to wait for guest-of-honor.

■ In the merry, merry month of May, Miss Lana Turner of Hollywood set off with Mr. Robert Topping of Connecticut, Palm Beach and Park Avenue, on a honeymoon. They'd been victims of a lot of nasty publicity; they'd had people—ostensibly friends—turn their marriage into a joke and a three-ring circus; the newspapers had been cruel. If the Toppings were a little bitter, it's no wonder. If they wanted a portion of privacy it's no wonder either. But the press isn't paid to take movie stars' feelings into account, and a movie star is fair game, and the press has had itself a day again.

In New York, in London—wherever Lana went—she was lampooned, lambasted, and, ultimately, left coldly alone. By the time this last gift, privacy, was tendered her, however, the damage had been done.

According to the British press, soon after Lana arrived in England, printed cards announcing a press conference were issued to reporters. The reporters, who claimed they hadn't asked to come, claimed further that Miss Turner showed up briefly, remarked that the studio hadn't told her about the matter, and left. The next day, after having been briefed, Miss Turner showed up for a little longer—but very late.

And the sad fact is that, once again, Lana was a victim of circumstances. If she'd been a completely self-assured—and selfish—girl, she'd have told her studio to leave her in peace, that she was on her honeymoon; that they needn't bother setting up any press conferences because she wouldn't go to them—and that would have been that.

Lana is a reasonably amiable girl. She knows she's not entitled to an overload of privacy. She had resigned herself to going along with a gag, even at the expense of her honeymoon and her first vacation in months. For not going along too gracefully, you can almost forgive her. Half the time, nobody let her know where she was supposed to be going anyway! Furthermore, movie stars get handed some pretty tough schedules; they're shoved around from place to place; they're told what people to smile pretty at—and (*Continued on page 104*)

Lex Barker is the 10th movie Tarzan, and even Edgar Burroughs, the Ape-Man's creator, says Lex's muscles aren't all between his ears!

the new Tarzan



Lex, the tenth actor to play Tarzan, practiced in the Bel-Air Hotel pool for his role in *Tarzan and the Fountain of Youth.* He's 6', 4", weighs 200 lbs., and also plays opposite Ros Russell in *Velvet Touch.*

■ Jerry Hoffman, who is a publicity man, was talking to Lex Barker, who is Ros Russell's boy friend in *The Velvet Touch.*

"Man," Hoffman said lugubriously, "I have been looking at tests for Tarzan all morning, and there is nothing hammier than a well-built guy with his shirt off!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Barker coolly, rippling six or seven muscles under his jacket.

Hoffman gasped, retreating. Then he rushed to his boss, Sol Lesser, to whom he told all. And that is how Alexander Chrichlow (Lex) Barker became an ape-man.

Lex is not too proud to be thrilled about it, either.

He is the tenth movie Tarzan; of the others, Johnny Weissmuller was best-known. Weissmuller made 11 of the 23 Tarzan epics, but a fellow gets tired, hanging by his heels, and after a while the anguish in his eyes was such that Mr. Lesser couldn't ignore it. That was where Lex came in.

Lex, who was born in Rye, New York, went to Princeton for a couple of years, quit to become an actor, enlisted in the Army in 1941, was seriously wounded and invalided home (he came out a major). He's married to a lady named Constance Thurlow, and they have two kids—Lynne, five, and Alec III, one.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzan's creator (he started the whole thing back in 1914 when he published a book called "Tarzan and the Apes") still has to approve of any action involving his hero, and Mr. Burroughs likes Lex fine. He gave him a complete set of Tarzan books, and a talking-to. "I've seen hundreds of men who wanted to play Tarzan, over the years," he said sadly, at one point. "Most of their muscles were between their ears."

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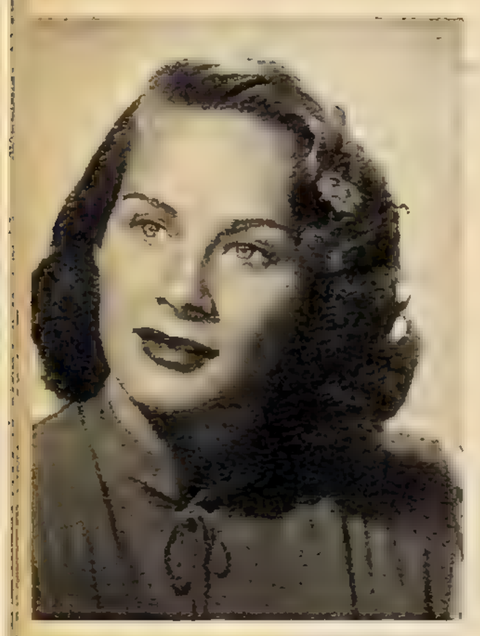


Transportation for ALL the Nation

GREYHOUND

there was a girl...

. . . a girl from Italy I still remember—happy, shy, full of wonder—a girl I'll never find again, the girl I used to be . . .



by alida valli



"A VERY LITTLE GIRL: Of this photograph I recall nothing, but I'm afraid it's me. The bouquet and the birthday suit were probably a joke of father's. If I'd been wiser I'd certainly have protested!"

■ "Guarda gli uccellini!"

You may not know what this means but you have heard it in your life—even if not in Italian as I have written. It is what people say to a child, all the world over, when they are having the little one's picture taken—"Look at the birdie!" On these pages of MODERN SCREEN (and how Modern Screen got them I still do not know!) is proof that I looked at the birdie many times when I was growing up. Today, of course, in Hollywood, it is all different. I must *not* look at the camera. If I do the cameraman will lift his head from behind it and his lips will move silently—and though I will not hear him I will know he is saying many bitter things about me!

About the picture taken of me when I was hardly more than a baby—the birthday suit one in which, with one hand I hold flowers and with the other, for some reason, I hide my tummy—I do not recall anything. My memory does not go back that far. If it did, I would ask myself why did I not protest against it? Why did I not get up and break my contract?

But there is one thing I can say about this picture; when I got a little older I thought for a moment that I had discovered why it was taken. My father, who was a professor of philosophy at the University of Milan, always wanted me to follow in his footsteps. He would discuss with me, in an easy way, many of the ancient Greek philosophers whom he greatly admired. One day I happened to be in a museum and I saw the sculptured forms of some of these philosophers. They had nothing but their birthday suits on too, and it struck me at once that perhaps my father had been trying me out for the part!

I was born in Pola, Italy, which is in the north, and the last important town on the railroad before you come to Jugo-Slavia. In Pola I was a pure blonde, even white-haired. But when I got to be about three my hair started to darken and about this time my parents moved to Como, which is on the Lake of Como. And that summer they took me on a vacation to The Trentino, in the Alps, to see my grandmother and my great-grandmother. It was on (*Continued on next page*)



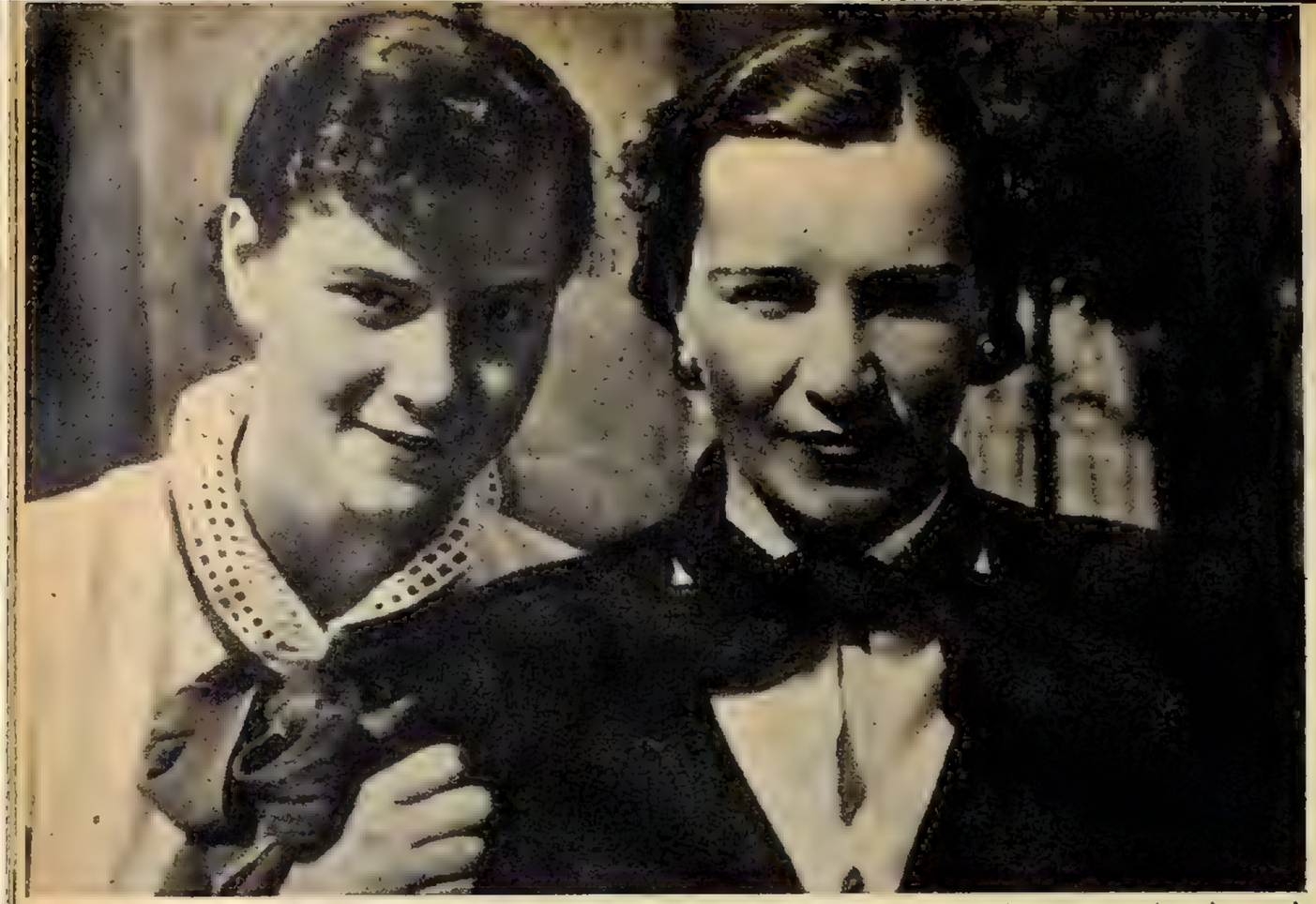
"BEFORE MY FALL: Father, mother and I went for a vacation to the Alps when I was 4. I remember I wanted to sail my boat in the pond, but I had to pose. Afterward, I fell into that pond, nearly drowned!"



"IN BORROWED PEARLS: 1929 was an exciting year for me. At the age of 9, I thought I was enchanting in this party costume. Mother lent me her pearls, the dress was that of a Hungarian csardas dancer."



"TENTH CHRISTMAS: A love for the drama was not something I had from the start, but I did enjoy appearing in this St. Nicholo Day play at school. I was lucky I grew very fast during the rehearsal or else I would have been seen as the dog in the foreground instead of the queen's maid in the apron."



"**MOTHER STOOD BY:** She guided me wisely through adolescence, my boy-hating period. She sent me to Rome so I would be spared father's last suffering."



"**SCHOOLGIRL DIARY:** This is a scene from one of 32 films I made in Italy. Once I'd studied at the Academy in Rome, but they told me I had no talent."



"**HALF MY HEART:** I'm happy in Hollywood with my husband Oscar and our son. But mother and grandmother in Italy are never far from my thoughts."

there was a girl...

(*Continued from preceding page*) this trip that the picture showing me standing between my father and mother and holding on to their hands, was taken. It was almost the last picture ever taken of me!

If you look closely at me, you will see that I am not too pleased about things. This is because I did not want to waste time having my picture taken; I wanted to play with my boat.

My uncle, my father's brother, had also come for a visit and had brought his two boys; Manlio, who was ten, and Guido who was just a few months younger than I. Guido was a most polite boy and I liked to play with him for that reason. We were sailing boats across a pond when I was called away to have the picture taken. Then I ran back to Guido.

We played on happily, all by ourselves, until I leaned over too far to get my boat, and fell in. The water closed over my head. Guido turned around and walked away. I remember coming up and seeing him go, and I remember struggling; I had no breath or time to scream—I could only gasp.

The older people were together in a group, discussing weighty things, when my mother noticed Guido approaching. As she tells it, she thought then to herself, what a nice, well-mannered child he was. He came up and stood by quietly, too much the little gentleman to interrupt his elders. But his father noticed how intently he seemed to be watching everyone who spoke and asked him why.

"I am waiting for a pause that I may say something, Father," Guido replied.

Everyone laughed and someone said, "With us, such a pause may not come for hours. What is it you have to say?"

"It is about my cousin," Guido told them.

"Oh," said my father. "Where is she?"

"She is in the pond," answered Guido gravely. (*Continued on page 101*)

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They want to get married

"There's nothing wrong between us that marriage wouldn't fix up," Audie Murphy says, and Wanda Hendrix doesn't answer, but her eyes have love in them, and fear .

BY DAVID McCLURE





Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy

■ About two years ago, Hollywood was set a-quiver by a fresh, young romance that blossomed in its midst. Audie Murphy, boyish number-one hero of World War II, had lost his heart to petite starlet Wanda Hendrix. And what's more Wanda was enthusiastically reciprocating his attention. They, were in love, and no doubt about it.

They were in love, and they looked wonderful together. That they differed radically in both temperament and experience, nobody seemed to notice.

Calloused correspondents shelved their cynicism and clucked approving tongues. Here at last was an idyll of which the film colony could be justly proud. Well, we're not saying they're



Most decorated hero of the war, Audie will play the lead in *Bad Boy*. Wanda's set to play opposite Tyrone Power in *Prince Of Foxes*.

wrong. It's just that in Hollywood, where so many people marry first and regret it later, kids like Wanda and Audie have a double temptation to go ahead, take their chances, and hope for the best. Whether you think Audie and Wanda would be right or wrong to marry, here's their story.

There was drama in their very meeting. After being lionized by Hollywood and meeting most of its famous personalities, Audie had remained singularly unimpressed. Then one day he chanced to pick up a magazine. On the cover was Wanda's picture. That was it. Here was the girl for him.

"I had never met anyone like Wanda," says he. "But in the back of my mind I had carried a vision of her for years. I had never really had a girl. Not even during the war did I know of one to whom I cared to write. While other fellows read their love letters, I usually cleaned my rifle. The girl I loved existed only in my imagination; and, believe it or not, she looked amazingly like Wanda."

Through mutual friends, he arranged to meet her at a dinner party. Wanda admits she was not particularly thrilled by the prospect. Knowing Audie only by his war reputation, she imagined that a man who was capable of putting 240 Germans out of action, as Murphy had, must be a bit on the rugged side. And Wanda didn't care for rough-necks.

But obligingly she accepted the (*Continued on page 108*)

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Shasta beauty cream shampoo
leaves your hair
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MORE LUSTROUS!
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STARLET Joy Loveland

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"Photos show it," enthuses Joy, recent talent scout discovery. "Shasta leaves my hair with a lot more sheen. And so soft, smooth! *Lovelier all three ways!* Shasta helped me pass my screen test."

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PROCTER & GAMBLE'S
Shasta beauty cream Shampoo

STRICTLY FROM DIXIE

(Continued from page 36)

but she can hand me the most delightful run-around of any girl I know. I've even had her tease me like this with a straight face: "You're always interviewing people, Hopper, but you never interview me. How about it?"

I called her bluff—and it took me three days to catch her. Dixie was home all the time; she admitted it. "But I was afraid to answer that phone," she confessed. "I knew I'd say 'yes' to anything if I talked to you. So look, here I am being interviewed at home—and with pictures. Bing will never, never believe *this!*"

We sat on the roomy, Italian piazza of their big stone Holmby Hills house, overlooking a wide lawn being rapidly wrecked by four husky reasons why Dixie hasn't shared Bing Crosby's public life for the past several years. Their names are Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, the Crosby kids. They aren't pretty but they're all good-looking. Gary, 15, looks most like Bing, in the face, that is. But his frame's like a shot-putter's—176 pounds! He was just home from Bellarmine School where he covered himself with glory, made such good marks he didn't have to take finals. I asked him about it.

"Yeah, I was terrific," he grinned. "Made the JV baseball team and the frosh, too—second base." Gary said the Crosbys would have practically a squad at Bellarmine next year. Denny and Phil go up there, too.

"All I can say," sighed Dixie at that point, "is Heaven help that school!"

The young Crosbys have a softball team of their own right now, padded out with some other kids. They play a pickup nine from Paramount. "Boy, did we take 'em last time!" Phil gloated. "Twenty-three to eleven!" Denny still had the remains of a black eye he got when he stopped a fast one.

"Baseball, baseball, that's all I hear," sighed Dixie. "It's those darned Pittsburgh Pirates of Bing's. Of course, the kids have caught it now. They rattle off batting averages and league standings like Bill Stern. Every night we have radio box scores for dinner. I start to open my mouth and I (*Continued on page 84*)

Jeanne Cagney—
currently triumphing in United Artists' talked about movie, *The Time of Your Life.* It's brother Jimmy Cagney's movie version of the hit Saroyan play, and it's one of those daring controversial movies the critics almost come to blows about. Everyone is cheering Jimmy for producing it, and Jeanne for her wonderful portrayal of an ex-burlesque queen in a bar-room.

Jeanne models MODERN SCREEN'S choice for your first fall costume—a gabardine suit-dress you can wear this minute without a coat, and all through winter under your topper. We love the pointed and draped peplum, the double lines of stitching and the soft bow at the throat. Comes in olive green, brown, copper, and copen blue. Sizes 9-15. By Minx Modes.

For price and where to buy, see page 94.

Pins by Coro. Gloves by Kislav. Colored luggage by T. Anthony. Suitcase Miss Cagney leans against, by Tommie Traveller.

modern screen

fashions





MARK O'DANIELS* of Broadway, young lead in the hit play, "For Love or Money," previews your fall wardrobe. We exposed him to advance autumn fashions, said "choose!" This bustle suit-dress brought the gleam to his eye. Likes stripes, he explained. Thought the little ruffle up the front very tricky. And approved (blush) the cute look the cagily draped bustle gives to the—uh—rear. All wool jersey. 10-16. Black with tan, red or green stripes; royal with black; grey with pink. By Preston Casuals. About $22.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York. Other stores page 94.

the male point of view



MARK DANIELS* of Hollywood, whom you loved in "Winged Victory," and who is currently appearing with Gene Autry in Columbia's "The Last Roundup," gave the "that's for me" sign to this cocoa colored suit with black braid frogs. Very dramatic, that braid stuff, declared Mr. Daniels. And the little waist looks as though a fellow might like to put his arm around it (he said). Also, the skirt looks very whirlable, unquote. Tegra rayon, in red, green, blue, cocoa. Junior sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique. About $14.95. At Stern's, New York. Other stores page 94.

a modern screen fashion

**One and the same guy, of course.*

Excitement afoot



SIDESWEPT STRAP, *jutting heel cuff. black, green, cocoa. By Velvet Step. About $7.95.*



GOLD HEEL *and gold scroll on black suede sling-back. By Deb Shoes.*



HIGH SCALLOPED *heel cuff. Brown, cinnamon, or slate grey suede; or black patent. By Trim Tred. About $10.*



LOUIS HEEL—*biggest shoe fashion news of the year. Black suede Glamour shoe by Bourbeuse. $14.95.*



SILVER EDGED *straps on black suede platform. Also, brown, green. By Twenty-Ones. About $12.95.*



GOLD BUTTONED *triple straps on black suede pump with wedge heel, high back. By Deb Shoes*

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, turn to page 94.

High Ideas

needn't be expensive



VENUS
Black suede finish
Brown suede finish
Red, Green, Brown
Alligator finish



CELESTIAL
Red or Green
Cobra finish



COMET
Black suede finish
Brown suede finish
Red, Green, Brown
Alligator finish

Lovely **4**-inch heelers for your Summer-into-Fall maneuvers! Here's positive proof that you needn't pay high prices for high fashions!

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Sizes 2½ to 10, B width
Sizes 6 to 9, AA width

Mary Jane

Mary Jane stores in: Philadelphia, Peoria, Toledo, Baltimore, Wilmington, Miami, Detroit, Louisville, Fort Worth, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Antonio, Gary, Atlantic City, and other principal cities.

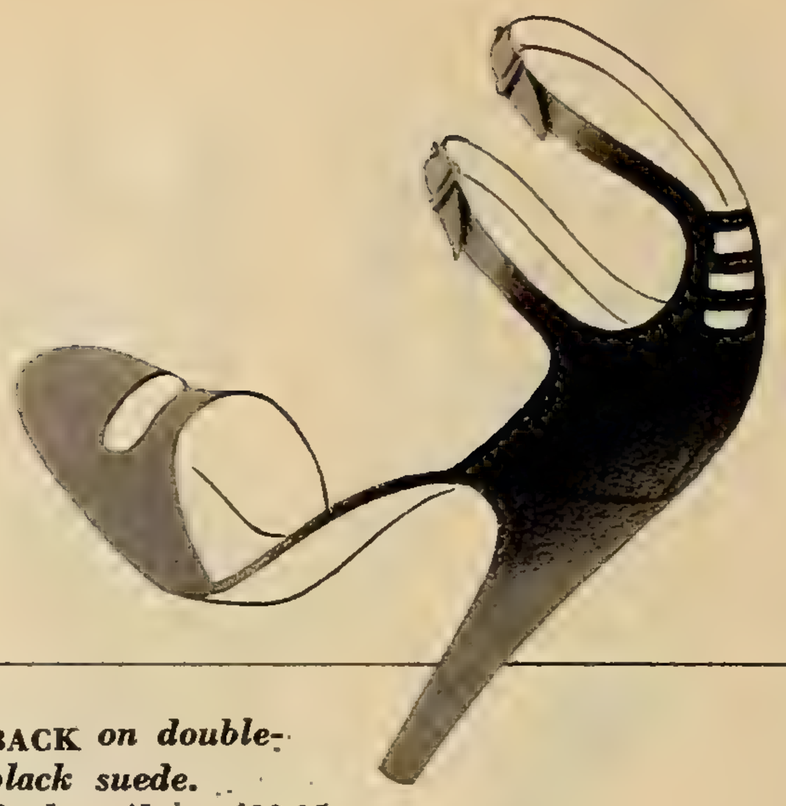
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VENUS				
COMET				

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone..... State .....
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐
When ordering C.O.D., customer agrees to pay $3.99 plus charges

Shine, lady?



LATTICE BACK *on double-strapped black suede. By Toni Drake. About $12.95.*



HAND SEWN MOCCASIN *with braided instep, side strap. By Mary Jane. $4.99.*



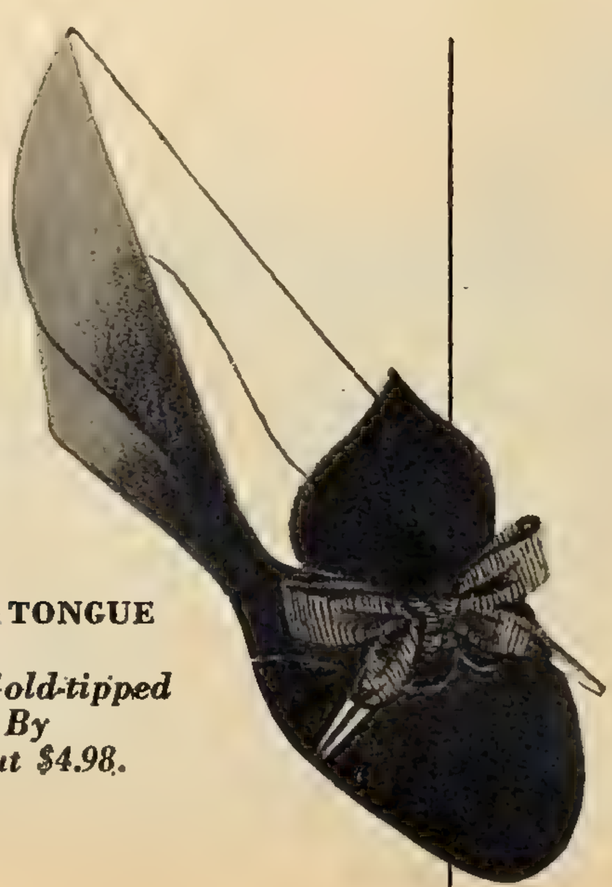
TOUCH OF GOLD *on vamp of black suede-finish ballerina. Removable ankle strap. By Mary Jane. $2.99.*



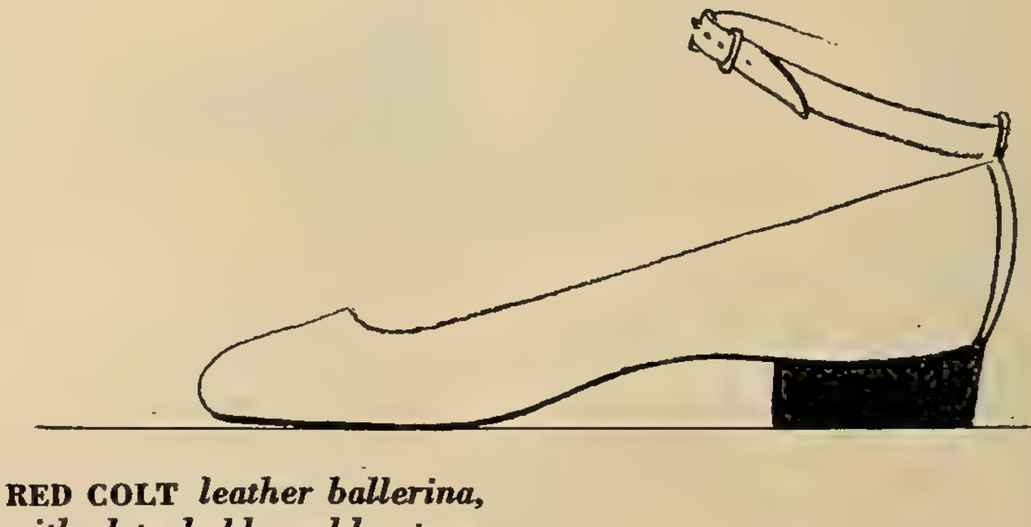
SUEDE GHILLIE *with calf trim and wedge heel. Black, brown or green. Newporters by Kays-Newport. About $6.95.*



RED CALF BOW *on grey suede wedge heel pump. By Mode Art Junior. About $10.95.*



HIGH RIDING TONGUE *on wedge heel pump. Gold-tipped grosgrain tie. By Hi-Jinks. About $4.98.*



RED COLT *leather ballerina, with detachable ankle strap. By Prima Dollerina. $5.95.*

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, turn to page 94.

order your back to school wardrobe by mail from

Preview Fashion Shops

$8.98

STYLE # 407



STYLE # 407—
2 piece Iridescent, Striped Taffeta with Rayon Faille contrast. Demure for class...dressy for Saturday night parties. Colors: Black with black iridescent stripes; Brown with brown iridescent stripes; Green with green iridescent stripes. In sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

STYLE # 403
$12.98



STYLE # 403—
2 piece wool and rayon bolero suit. Sure to be the favorite of your school wardrobe. Metal buttons. Colors: Grey with black trim; Gold with brown trim; Tan with brown trim. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

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STYLE # 401



STYLE # 401—Wool and rayon authentic Victorian Plaid. Lovable Peter Pan collar and contrasting wide black belt with large gold eyelets and double prongs. Red and Green Plaid on White background. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

$3.98

STYLE # 403A



STYLE # 403A—Crepe blouse with mandarin collar and sleeves. Pearlized buttons and combination Grosgrain ribbon trim. Ideal company for the bolero suit. In sizes 30-32-34-36-38. White only.

$8.98

STYLE # 402



STYLE # 402
2 piece "Loch Lomond" darling. Black jacket with plaid Peter Pan collar and plaid sleeve cuffs. Genuine wool and rayon material in Red and Green plaid on White background. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

$7.98

STYLE # 408



STYLE # 408
1 piece Campus Beauty. Rayon Faille skirt, checked taffeta top. Jewel neckline with contrasting bow, belt. In Black, Brown and Emerald Green with Checked Taffeta Waist (either multicolor or self-color). In sizes 9-11-13-15-17. Also in sizes 10-12-14-16-18.

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For these reasonably priced shoes, write for the name of your dealer
PETERS SHOES COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

(*Continued from page 76*) get five loud 'S-h-h-h-h's.' 'Look,' I told 'em, 'if you don't come off the playing field long enough to eat, I'm taking a tray to my room!' "

Gary was swinging a bat dangerously close to our ears.

"You going to be a baseball player when you grow up, Gary?" I asked him, ducking.

"Nope," said Gary. "I'm gonna be a veterinarian. I love animals."

"You're going to *need* a vet, if you don't put that bat down!" said Dixie. She turned to me sadly. "Anything ladylike around here is a dead duck. But I'll get even—if it takes me twenty years. I can't wait until I'm a grandmother and I hope they're all girls. I'm going to spoil them rotten and teach them all to spit in their daddy's eyes!"

But I don't believe she means it. Dixie's so used to her slam-bang brood that when a little femininity threatens she really worries. Bing calls Phil "The Dude," because of all the kids, he's the one who keeps his face clean, his clothes tidy. Phil and Denny (10) are twins, and until recently, Denny could double most moments for a Dead End kid in the grooming department. Then strange things started to happen—Denny got a girl, Doris. "The other night I clocked him on the telephone," Dixie revealed. "A full half hour!" Denny also started carrying a comb and carefully patted a wave in his hair. Dixie couldn't take it. "I've got news for you," she told him. "This new personality of yours stinks!"

"I don't have to worry about Linny yet, he's too little," sighed Dixie, "and so far Gary's hopeless. He just won't dress up. 'No girl's gonna look at me anyway,' he says, 'so what's the difference?' "

"Look," Dixie told him. "I'm a girl and I've *got* to look at you!"

"They're all hams," sighed Dixie. She's never seen either of the two pictures the kids made. "I couldn't take it," she explained. But she did catch a radio program they did with Bing and Clifton Webb. "They took over the show like Grant took Richmond, and the next morning they were scrapping over who got the best laugh line, who made fluffs and who didn't," said Dixie. "I've got to get 'em out of Hollywood."

She must already be up at Bing's Nevada ranch for the summer. It's near Elko, where Bing was made honorary mayor the other day. All the kids had their crew haircuts when I saw them. They were jabbering about their rough-riding plans. All have their own cow ponies and Gary can drive the tractor; they get paychecks according to their efforts. Bing's ranch is a working one, no tennis court, no swimming pool.

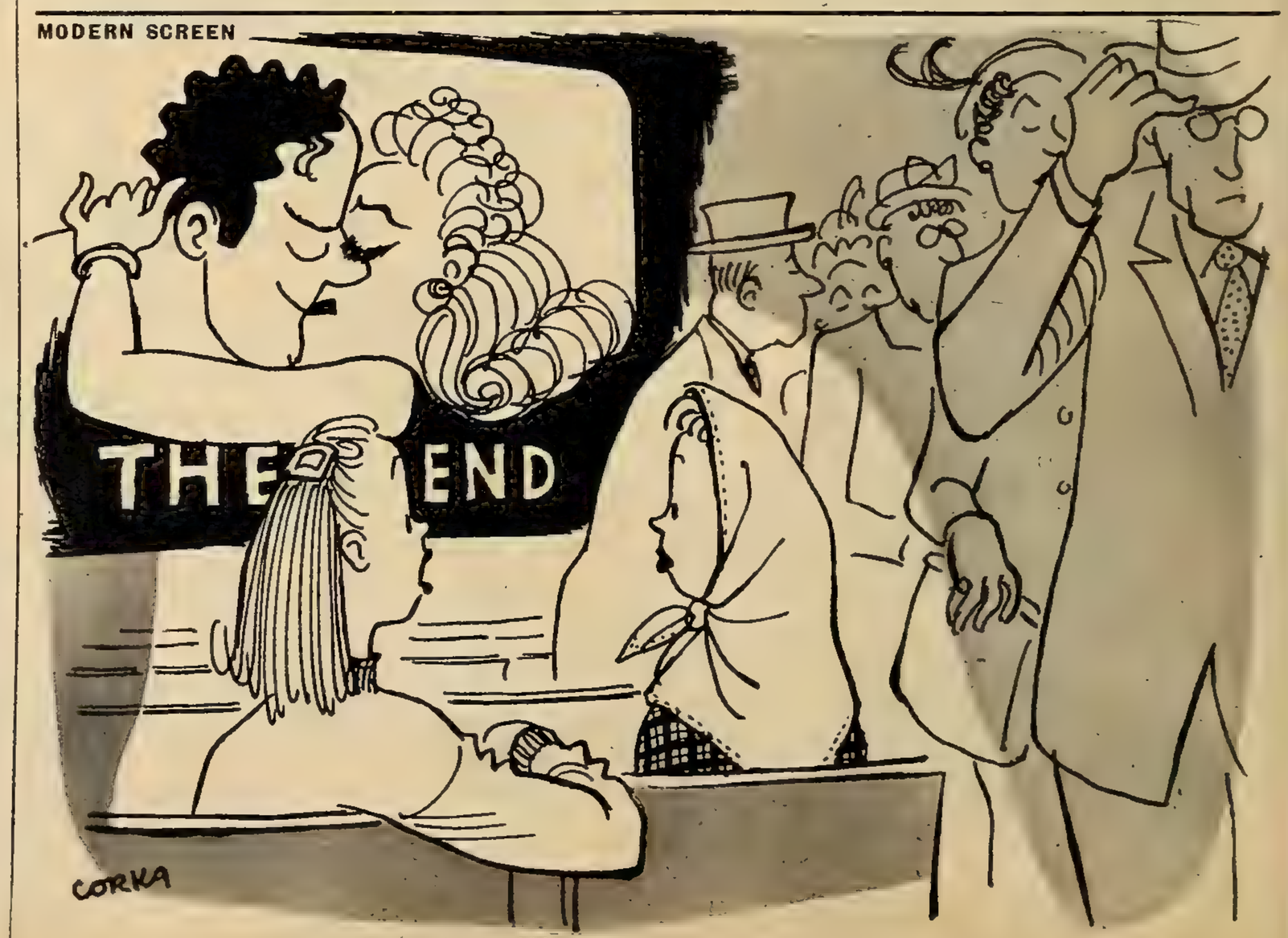
"That's not *my* idea of a ranch," admitted Dixie, "but Bing says if we have a pool all the cowhands will be in it and nobody'll ever work." Every Crosby, except Dixie, roams around all summer in Levis and ten-gallon hats; everybody rides Western saddle but her. "I'm the sissy," she admitted. "I'm a jodhpur-and-English saddle girl. I also take baths—you've got to have some style around a place!"

Dixie likes ranch life as much as the rest of the family but she confessed she views it with mixed feelings as far as her sons are concerned. After a whole summer of the rugged life it takes months to repair the damage. "The first report cards after a summer on the range are enough to make my hair curl," she said. "'D' in deportment, 'D' in application, 'D' in grammar, 'D' in everything. They usually wind up with 'A's' in the spring, but it's a worry."

Worst of all, Dixie thinks, is the cowwaddie talk the kids pick up. They call her "Maw" and Bing "Paw" and their girl friends "heifers" for months afterward. As she said, "I just get them whipped back into shape where they don't whittle the table and tuck the cloth in their necks when off we go again."

The big excitement in Dixie and Bing's life right now is the new home they're building in Northern California overlooking Bing's favorite golf course, Pebble Beach on Carmel Bay. It's a modern house. "What period furniture?" I asked Dixie. "Furniture, period," she cracked back. "I don't know. All I know is that it's being built for service, and not for style."

They're going to live there all the time and sell the big mansion where we talked. Bing dreams of coming to Hollywood only to make pictures. They'll move north in September as soon as the kids are safely set in school. (*Continued on page 89*)

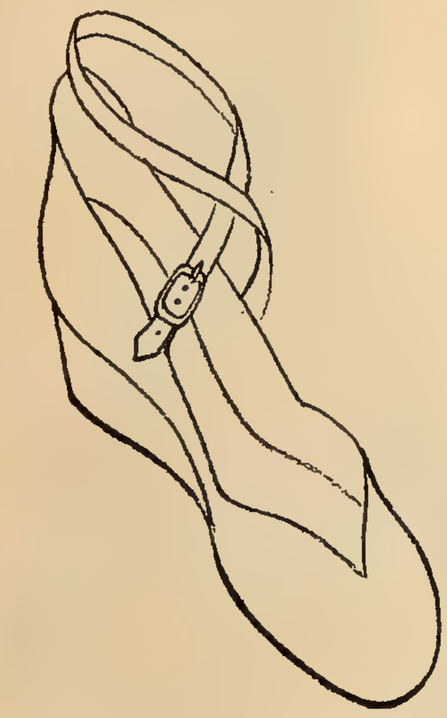


"The end! In the book it was just the beginning!"

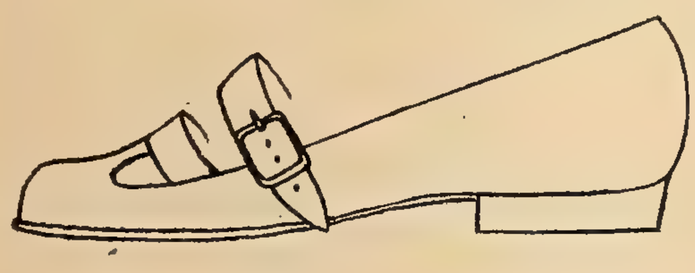
We've shown you so many shoes that you probably think we've gone crazy. And we have—we're absolutely shoe-crazy! And can you really blame us? Aren't the shoes this year just wonderful? Here are three more pairs to make you go feet first this fall.



RED WRAP-AROUND anklet platform sandal. Alligator-grain calf. Also comes in black, green, and brown. By Mary Jane. $3.99.



CRISS-CROSS ankle strap on a low wedge pump. The heel ends in a high V. Black or brown suede. By Butterfly. About $6.95.



TWO STRAPS and a buckle closing on the vamp make this suede flat look different. Tamborina by Daytimer. About $6.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions turn to page 94.

Doris Dodson
JUNIORS

The shouting's about "News Maker"... middy-line headliner by Doris Dodson. White-ground plaid wool-and-rayon in combinations of blue and rust; green and maroon; red and black. Junior sizes 9 to 15. under eighteen dollars.

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SATURDAY NIGHT . . . Five smart girls climb into five smart girdles. After all, it's a heavy date. Each knows the figure's the glamor; the girdle's the figure.

Top, left. Jill wears twin satin hearts on pantie girdle. Knitted elastic with nylon. Bones at waist prevent rolling. White, blue, nude. By Flexnit. $5.95. Peter Pan bra, $2.

Top, right. Leave it to June to wear the latest. She sports a black girdle with bright plaid taffeta panel. Sides are marquisette leno. $6.95. Plaid bra, $2. Both by Perma Lift.

Below, left. Ginger's mad for yellow—wears pale lemon girdle with nylon lace lastique sides, nyralon panels. Also blue, nude, black. By Flexees, $7.95. Flexaire bra, $2.50.

Below, center. Meg wears pantie girdle. Elasticized rayon satin panels and leno (nylon, rayon, elastic) sides. Removable contour crotch. Nude, white, blue. By Fortuna. $5.95.

Below, right. Bette puts on her face and lets Stardust take care of her figure. Her girdle has leno sides, satin elastic panels. Nude, white. $3.98. Satin bra, $1.25. By Stardust.

For Where to Buy see page 94

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YOUR PLAID FAVORITE — A two-piecer for style, but made in one piece for more flattery—stays together; no extra bulk. *You'll love* the rich plaid, *just right for fall.* Crisp white pique Peter Pan collar, patent belt, double row of buttons. Full skirt with inverted pleats, in smart solid color BEAUTITEX. Three rows of ric-rac colored to match the skirt, trims cuffs and peplum. Washable, colorfast. Navy or Brown combinations. Misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Junior sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. **Only 3.98**

YOUR CHECKED DARLING — *You'll love* this crisp, neat looking checked cotton darling. *Just feel* how its MAGIC DIRNDL waistline with 12 rows of elastic hugs and slims your waist. See the full, billowing skirt, outlined with felt ric-rac and colorful flowers—all washable. *Admire* the Peter Pan collar of expensive white pique — with the felt ric-rac treatment it makes a neckline so becoming to you. High-count cotton gives you *complete satisfaction* in washing. Black, brown, or red checks. Misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Junior sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. **Only 3.98**

ADORABLE YOU *in stripes* — *Look* at the unusual many-colored stripe. See how it meets diagonally — new and smart — in the swinging, whirling skirt. Snug fitting pointed bodice, ties in the back for flattering fit. Matching striped collar; ribbon bow. *Washable, colorfast* WUNDALIN Cotton. Multicolor stripes feature Navy or Brown. Misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Junior sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. **Only 3.98**

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ON THE RADIO I heard a haunting song about a new shampoo: "Dream Girl . . . beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl." Since I was no "dream" in Jim's eyes, it gave me new hope for *my* dull-looking, unruly hair!



HAPPY ME! A noted hairdresser gave me a Lustre-Creme shampoo with magic results. "Use it at home, too," he said. "It's not a soap, not a liquid, but a dainty, new *cream* shampoo with lanolin. It *glamorizes* hair!"

Lonely "bachelor-girl" becomes a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl



JIM TURNED ROMANTIC . . . the night we dined at his country club. Someone switched on a radio and there was the Dream Girl song. Jim, for the first time, noticed my hair—now so lovely, thanks to my home-shampooing with Lustre-Creme. "Say," he whispered, "that song fits you. How about being my Mrs. Dream Girl?"



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YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

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Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

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****Highly Recommended**
***Recommended**
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BIG CITY — Don't Blame Me: **King Cole (Capitol).

This one came out after we made up last month's list of recordings of the song; but Nat recorded it two or three years ago, and it sounds more relaxed and sincere than some of his more recent things. (But don't get us wrong, we love *Nature Boy!*)

DATE WITH JUDY — Judaline: *Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M); Ray McKinley (Victor); George Paxton (M-G-M); Pied Pipers (Capitol).

MELODY TIME — Blue Shadows on the Trail: *Gene Autry (Columbia).

At last, a record of *Blue Shadows* by someone who sounds as if he's been west of Boston!

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS — Every Day I Love You and Hankerin': *Dick Haymes (Decca). I Don't Care If It Rains All Night and At The Rodeo: Guy Lombardo (Decca).

WHIPLASH — Just For Now: *Helen Forrest (M-G-M); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Ink Spots (Decca).

If you can remember when Helen Forrest sang with Harry James—or a little farther back, with Benny Goodman—you'll like this romantic side, one of her best, with lush Harold Mooney string backgrounds. Helen sounds more like her old self again.

HOT JAZZ

DIZZY GILLESPIE —Ool-Ya-Koo (Victor).

Dizzy's most complicated lyric since *Oopa-pada* and *Oop-Bop-Sh-Bam* . . . they should give away a glossary with each copy. Other side, *Good Bait,* has more music, less comedy.

TONI HARPER—**Candy Store Blues (Columbia).

Toni, nine years old, sings the blues as if she'd really lived. Don't miss this!

STAN HASSELGARD—**Swedish Pastry (Capitol).

Can you imagine Bing hiring Frankie to sing in his new picture? That's how it seemed when Benny Goodman recently hired clarinetist Hasselgard, a young, 6 ft. 3 in., blond Swede who came over here last year to study journalism. Benny heard him at a jam session in Hollywood, hired him on the spot. On this disc he's with Red Norvo and other stars. Look out, Benny, you're building your biggest rival since Artie Shaw!

WOODY HERMAN—*Keen and Peachy (Columbia).

ART TATUM — **Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (Victor).

CLAUDE THORNHILL —*Anthropology (Columbia).

(*Continued from page 84*)

I, for one, certainly hate to see them leave Hollywood.

When they decided to make the move Bing mused, "But won't you hate to leave all your friends here, Dix?"

"What friends?" asked Dixie. "I've got three." One is a girlhood chum she knew back in Chicago, another's Alice Ross, who used to be Sue Carol's secretary, and the third is Sue herself. But Sue and Alan Ladd live so far away on their Hidden Valley Ranch, Dixie seldom sees her any more. With the boys away at school and a smaller house on her hands, Dixie hopes to enjoy the club life she loves right at Pebble Beach, and Bing can ride his ambition to be California State amateur champ some day.

"I'll still be a golf widow," said Dixie, "but at least I can see the Old Man pass by on the fairway now and then!"

rocking-chair set . . .

Dixie told me about the recent trip to New York she took with Bing. The original idea was a jaunt for laughs and a gay holiday around the big town. "Know where Bing checked us in?" she grinned. "The Garden City Hotel, way out on a golf course on Long Island. Three old ladies were sitting on the front porch, knitting. 'You ought to make friends with them, they look like fun,' Bing said. The nerve of that guy!"

Dixie lasted ten days, instead of the month she planned. The golf madness had Bing. She saw him only between caddies. "I'll see you in California," she said at last, hopping a plane home.

I asked her if she played. "Bing bought me the loveliest set of matched clubs years ago," she said. "They've been all over—from Bermuda to Hawaii, the best-traveled set of clubs in Hollywood, maybe, and they're still in cellophane!" Her size-up of golf is: "What point is there in hitting a ball and then walking ten miles to get it?"

At home Bing's always on the dot for dinner when he says he'll be, and he eats anything, hot or cold, with an appetite built for a horse, having no picky preferences whatever and usually keeping in touch with his double dozen interests on the phone right through the meal, which drives Dixie nuts. I discovered a lot of things that afternoon from Dixie that I didn't know about Bing.

For instance, Bing really spends a lot of money on his clothes; they're all expensive and not so very funny-looking. "Just on him, they look that way," Dixie thinks. The only thing she's never dared buy for him are pajamas. Any color is okay. Bing's so color-blind he won't know the difference anyway.

Another thing about old father Crosby. "He's an early riser," said Dixie, "like President Truman." The Crosbys (except on their recent step-out nights) fold up always at ten, eight o'clock at the ranch, and Bing's up with the birds.

"That doesn't sound like an ex-musician to me," I told Dix.

"That's why he's an '*ex*-musician,' she said. "He always hated night work."

Dixie also surprised me, revealing that Bing likes to take long walks alone, just like Garbo. "He doesn't take 'em with me, though," she added. "I agree with Jimmy Van Heusen (Bing's songwriter pal) that 'walking's corny.'"

As we talked I admired the beautiful heavy gold ring set with diamonds, top and bottom, that highlighted Dixie Crosby's expressive hands. She slipped it off. "Bing got it for me in Paris, and this bracelet watch to match," indicating another gold bauble on her wrist.

"I'd call that fairly thoughtful," I remarked.

"Bing's not forgetful," laughed Dixie. "Not any more. You know what I used to do? When we were first married, Bing just couldn't remember our anniversary. I fixed that. When he forgot, I went down to the most expensive jewelry shop I could find and bought myself an anniversary present that wasn't cheap. Bing learned fast."

We went into the vagaries of husbands further then, and I learned more secrets about Dixie's. "He never has the faintest idea what I'm wearing," she said. "Take today. He sprang the news we were off to the races tomorrow. Neither Bing nor I took in Santa Anita this year; he's cooling off on horse racing a little. This is our first look at Hollywood Park.

"Anyway, when Bing gave me that news, I said, 'Okay, but I'll have to beat it to the beauty parlor.' He said, 'What for?'

"'You big, blue-eyed dope,' I told him, 'for my hair, of course, if I'm going to be seen out in public!'

"'Nuts,' he came back. 'Just put it up in a beret and let's go.' Imagine—after eighteen years married to me you'd think he'd know better. To make it worse, he said, 'Who do you think's going to look at your hair, anyway?'"

"Can't you get Bing's goat now and then?" I wanted to know.

"Easy," said Dixie, "although usually I don't plan it that way. You know at the *Emperor Waltz* première, I was crazy about the picture, and halfway through I told Bing so.

"'No kidding?' he purred, pleased.

"'It's swell,' I told him. 'You know I can't wait to see if those pups turn out to be thoroughbreds.' He gave me a low look. 'You aren't interested in how the story turns out or—maybe what happens to me?'

"'Nope,' I said without thinking. 'I'm interested in the dogs.'

"'Well, catch you!' said Bing. You know, I think he was a little hurt. Why, there's the lord and master now—himself and in person!"

surprise for the master . . .

And so it was—Bing peeking around the corner. He looked startled enough to see me, but Bing always looks startled a little bit. "Hi, Hopper," he said. "What's going on here, anyway?"

"An interview—and with pictures," said Dixie slowly to let it soak in.

"I don't believe it," stated Bing (and Dixie winked *I told you*). "What did you give her—that Wampas Baby Star shot back in 1929?"

"Uh-uh, my new look," said Dixie. "Hedda—get a load of Bing's."

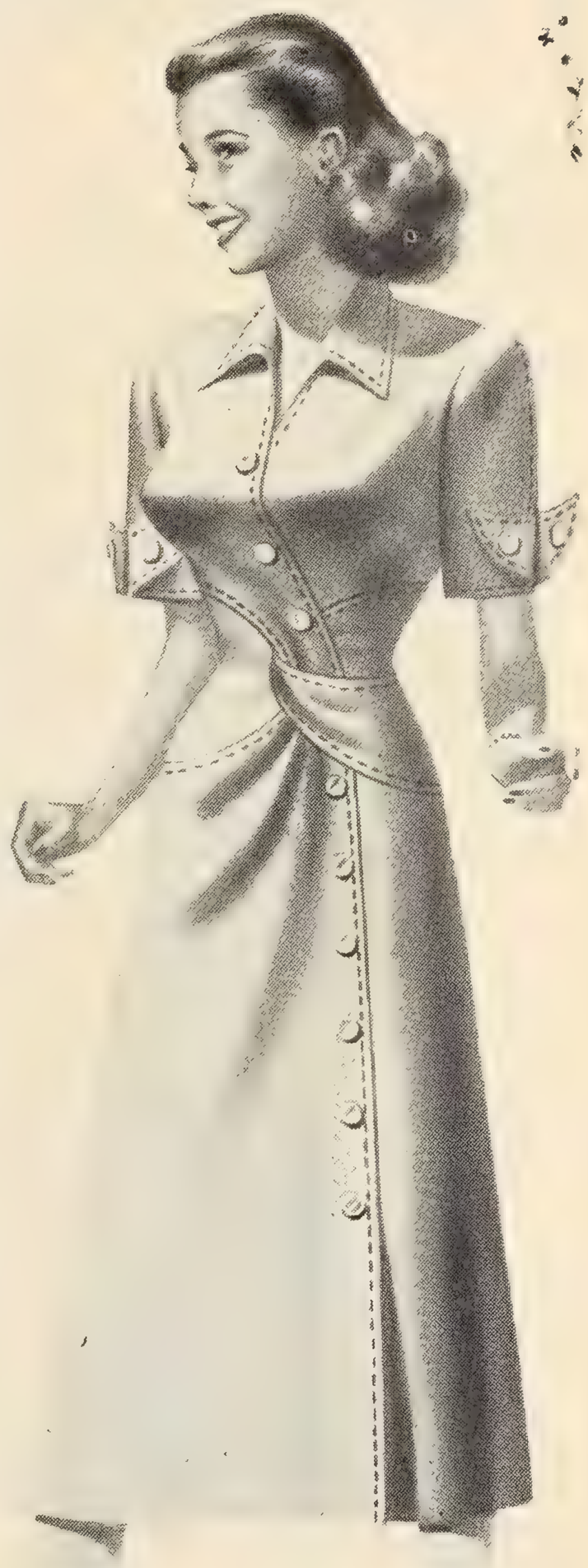
I'd already had a flaming eyeful of Crosby's splendor. Maroon slacks, a tablecloth red-check shirt, beige tweed jacket, wide straw hat with a flowered band.

"Sort of quiet, don't you think?" said Bing.

"Is anything quiet in this house?" asked Dixie.

Well, maybe by now you get the idea. That's the Crosbys. Dixie and Bing and "the Knotheads" too, as Bing calls the kids. They're my favorite Hollywood family, and long may they wave! I'd like to see more of them, myself, and I'm certainly not alone there. So would several million other people. Until now there's been something missing in the Crosby picture, and maybe now you know what—one of the cutest, cleverest and swellest of Hollywood wives. With her boys practically ready for the draft, I'm hoping Dixie will have time soon to meet the people even more and let the people meet her. Take it from me, they're in for a treat if they've never known Mrs. Bing Crosby.

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FOR WHERE TO BUY
see page 94

BEDTIME STORY . . . After a romantic date, sentimental nightie! Meg, on bed, wears diaphonous nylon Tricot with transparent net bodice, net straps. By Blue Swan.

June, with mirror, wonders how he liked her. She dotes on black slips under date dresses, wears well-cut crepe with fitted lace top. Also white, tea rose. By Miss Swank. $3.98.

Jill muffles a yawn in a swoony satin nightie with shirred bodice. Square neck is edged with ribboned eyelet, plus imported French lace. Pink or blue. By Shirley Ray. $7.95.

Ginger hangs up her undies wearing a lacy yellow slip with dreamy full skirt. Lace net bodice, and deep lace net flounce. Ice pink, black, white. By Milray-Florette. $1.99.

Ginger likes half-slips under suits, so she's just sudsed her cute new one for tomorrow. Rayon crepe, with deep ruffle to flare out her full skirt. White, pink. By Miss Swank. $4.98.

Bette is another who loves the swish of lace under full skirts. Her slip has a ruffle V of lace in back; a lace bodice and a V-midriff in front. Pink, blue, white. By DuBenay. $5.98.

MY BROTHER IS A FAKE

(Continued from page 38)

with the horses. That was because they all got away by jumping over a passing freight train. But you only had to look at his face to know that he not only believed the tall story he was telling, he was living it all over again. And, besides, he had what was left of the lasso to prove it—about a foot and a half of frayed shoelace!

I think that Bob is especially fortunate in that he had a background of three kinds of American life before he was in his middle teens. He was born and spent his early childhood in the middle-sized town of Bridgeport, Connecticut. His later schooling and boyhood came in the big city—New York. And, in between, he learned what farm living was at our grandmother's place in Delaware.

In Bridgeport he learned a lot of things, including the fact that it is comparatively easy for a boy to get drowned, killed by a car or lost within easy walking distance of home.

To get drowned, all you have to do is decide to go fishing off the pier along about March when the water is still icy cold. You take your little eight-year-old brother, Jack, after promising your mother you'll make sure he doesn't fall in. Of course, you are only ten yourself, but ten is big stuff. Ten can sail a line way out into the river. Ten can stand right on the edge of the pier—and ten can slip!

The water is so cold that your body is just one congealed pucker when you come to the surface screaming. It's so cold you can't even think of being frightened; you can only think of getting out. And that screaming you are doing is automatic, just to keep your lungs from freezing. Somehow other boys appear on the pier, miraculously. The sleeves of two overcoats are knotted together and this is the rescue line that finally helps you clamber to safety. And when you get home you can't understand your mother being so horrified. You kept your word, didn't you? Jack didn't fall in, did he?

that look . . .

I read an article about Bob only the other day. "He has a sad, sometimes even a drawn look, as if strange, deep thoughts are always with him," it said. Well, we all know about that woebegone look at home. In fact, it was called to our attention by a doctor when Bob was nine!

He was hit by a car, one day, and knocked unconscious and carried into the house. He came to, while the doctor was examining him. He wanted to get up but the doctor held him down with one hand.

"I can't let this boy up, Mrs. Mitchum," he said. "I can't find any fractures or contusions—but that face of his, that expression! It shows clearly that something is wrong."

"Oh, *that?*" exclaimed my mother. "Oh, bless your heart, doctor, *all* my children look that way!"

That's the same woebegone look that my grandmother got when she sent Bob down to the cellar one day to get some preserved peaches and he stumbled onto the wine barrel instead. Or when he decided that smoking corn silk was sissy stuff and experimented with dried slivers of pea pods. Or when he tried to defend his little brother Jack against a big kid. He got knocked down and got up again. He got knocked down again and got back up. Four more times he was knocked down before he was completely out.

"Why, oh why, didn't you stay down when you saw you had no chance?" we

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asked when he was brought home. "Why get up again and again until you are cut to pieces?"

He didn't answer at that moment. He didn't answer until we were occupied with something else and then his answer was to sneak out of the house, hunt up that bully—and get knocked out again!

This kept up for two more meetings with that tough kid; then Bob won! Not the fight. But his dogged persistence made the bully nervous. He figured this long-faced boy would never stop. He called a truce and promised to lay off little Jack from then on.

If you caught Bob in *Out of the Past,* you will remember those scenes with Rhonda Fleming in which he is very skeptical about her good faith; the sort of squinty glint shooting out of his eyes when he is listening to her lie to him. The moment I saw this I recalled the time that look was born. Bob was hardly out of the toddler stage.

There was a then-desolate region in Bridgeport known as "The Eagle's Nest" and Bob decided that a place with a name like that should have eagles. He looked all day for them and by night searching parties were looking for *him.* He was tired and disgusted when they found him, and always after that, whenever anyone mentioned "The Eagle's Nest," a squint of distrust would show up on his face.

Oh, I could write a book. Which reminds me that Bob Mitchum is probably the only man in the world who is "twice bookish." This goes back to when the bar-bell fad hit American boydom. All of his friends successfully solicited their parents for money with which to buy those muscle-builders—the long bars on which additional weights can be attached as one's strength develops. Naturally, the kids all started bragging to Bob about how powerful they were getting; the intimation being that Bob would be a weakling by contrast. It was a frightening prospect and Bob ran to his mother.

"Mom, do you have money to get me a set of bar-bells?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Maybe later."

"How much later?"

"A few months, perhaps."

Bob sat down and started thinking. His face, naturally long and sad, got longer and sadder. Then his eyes widened and, as mother tells it, she knew he had hit on something. She was right!

a book a day . . .

Bob's bar-bell consisted of two big suitcases which he dragged out of a wardrobe, and a pole which he inserted through the handles, so that the suitcases hung from both ends. The weights? Books. Know anything that will make a suitcase heavier? He started by half filling them and worked up to the point where he could hoist them stuffed solid.

Many a man has become intelligent reading good literature but Bob is the only one I know who also got physically stronger!

Bob doesn't like to fly. He can't give any reason for it. Yet, it may be funny, but I can go back and touch three or four places in his life where such a dislike might have been born. The first time we lived in a high apartment house and he got dizzy looking down to the street from the window. Or the great money-making scheme when he and Jack got a job in New York delivering groceries. That could have done it.

Their boss paid them very little, the understanding being they would make it up in tips. But you can't get a tip unless you deliver personally and in too many apartment houses the superintendent insisted that they send their packages up

(*Continued on page 95*)

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear you:

For all we know, you may be reading this sprawled lazily in a vacation hammock—a shady tree overhead and a long cool glass of lemonade in your hand. Or perhaps you're toasting on the beach. But as far as we're concerned —it's fall.

For the past month we've been looking at fall fashions—the bright wools, cute corduroy's gay plaids, tricky new shoes—all sorts of fashion excitement which will be ready for you when the football season opens and both you and the weather suddenly turn brisk.

This issue we're giving you an advance peek at what you'll be wearing after Labor Day. We kick off with the darling suit dress Jeanne Cagney wears on page 77. We chose it because we think it's a honey of a style which would be becoming to practically anyone—and also because it was picked as a winner by the Minx Modes Board of Review.

The Minx Modes people make those darling junior clothes which come from Saint Louis and they're smart enough to let girls like you help do the designing. Their idea is that the girls who wear the clothes should be the ones to decide what the clothes should look like. So twice a year they invite a group of career and college girls to come to Saint Louis and look over the fashions they're considering making—*before* they make them.

The gals gather from all over the country, and form the Minx Modes Board of Review. They sit down with pencil and paper, and watch the parade of proposed Minx Modes fashions for the coming season. Then the voting begins. They vote anonymously on each model—whether they love it, like it just so-so, or turn thumbs down.

After the votes are counted, the dresses which get a rave from two-thirds of the judges are manufactured and turn up in your favorite store just when you want them. The rest are scrapped. You'll hardly be surprised to learn that the olive green suit Jeanne Cagney wears was one of the numbers that wowed the Board of Review—natch.

We think it's a honey for this in-between season, because it's cool enough to keep you comfortable during some of those hot days we get in September—and yet it's autumn-y enough to look like next season. Besides, it does such nice things for your figure.

Connie Bartel



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Gabardine suit-dress with pointed peplum, worn by Jeanne Cagney in the full color photograph (page 77) about $16.95.

Baltimore, Md.—*O'Neill & Co.,* 114 N. Charles St., Joan Junior, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Junior Miss Dept., Second Floor
San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Brothers,* 217 E. Houston St., Junior Deb Dept., Second Floor.

Bustle suit-dress with striped skirt (page 78)

Kansas City, Mo.—*John Taylor Dry Goods Co.,* 1036 Main St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Judds Specialty Shop,* Westwood Village—and all other Judds Specialty Shops throughout California
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Misses' Sports Dresses, Third Floor
Rochester, N. Y.—*B. Forman Co.,* 46 S. Clinton Ave.

Cocoa colored suit with black braid frogs (page 79)

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Junior Shop, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., Teen Age Apparel, Fourth Floor, North Bldg.

LOUIS HEEL pump (page 80)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept., Second Floor

SIDESWEPT STRAP, jutting heel cuff pump (page 80)

Dunkirk, N. Y.—*Park Shoe Store*

HIGH SCALLOPED heel cuff pump (page 80)

Tulsa, Oklahoma—*Vande vers,* 14 E. 5th St.

SILVER EDGED straps, platform pump (page 80)

Cleveland, Ohio—*The Higbee Co.,* Public Square, Women's Shoe Dept., Third Floor

LATTICE BACK, double strapped pump (page 82)

Cincinnati, Ohio—*The John Shillito Co.,* 7th and Race Sts.

HAND SEWN MOCCASIN, TOUCH OF GOLD suede-finish ballerina flat (page 82) also RED WRAP-AROUND anklet platform pump (page 85)

Baltimore, Md.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 38 W. Lexington St.
Chicago, Ill.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 9030 Commercial Ave.
Detroit, Mich.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 1051 Woodward Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Mary Jane Shoe Store,* 1009 Market St.

SUEDE GILLIE with wedge heel (page 82)

New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon,* 5th Ave. & 38th St., Shoe Dept.

RED CALF BOW, wedge heel pump (page 82)

Rochester, N. Y.—*B. Forman Co.,* 46 S. Clinton Ave., Collegienne Shoes, Third Floor

HIGH-RIDING TONGUE wedge heel pump (page 82)

Order by mail from: *Vicki of Boston,* 89 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

RED COLT leather ballerina flat (page 82)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept., Second Floor

CRISS-CROSS ankle strap wedge pump (page 85)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis,* 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept., Second Floor

TWO STRAPS flat shoe with buckle closing (page 85)

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Rosenbaum Co.,* Penn Ave. & 6th St., Shoes, Third Floor

Jill's twin hearts pantie girdle and bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Blackton Fifth Avenue*

June's black girdle with plaid panel and matching bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Corset Dept., Second Floor

Ginger's pale lemon girdle and matching bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Foundation Garments, Fifth Floor

Meg's pantie girdle with contour crotch (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Blackton Fifth Avenue*

Bette's leno and satin elastic girdle and matching bra (page 86)

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Avenue of the Americas, Downstairs Underwear Dept.

June's black slip with lace top (page 90)

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Lingerie Dept., Second Floor

Jill's nightie with shirred bodice (page 90)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Underwear, Second Floor

Ginger's yellow slip with full skirt, lace net bodice (page 90)

At: *Darling Shops* throughout the country

Ginger's half-slip with deep hem ruffle (page 90)

Chicago, Ill.—*Madigan Brothers,* 4030 Madison St.

Bette's V-midriff slip with ruffle V of lace in back (page 90)

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim, Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Lingerie Dept., First Floor

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) *Buy in person from stores listed.*
(2) *Order by mail from stores listed.*
(3) *Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.*

(*Continued from page 92*)

in the dumbwaiter from the cellar below.

At first Bob tried painting the word TIP in large letters on a milk bottle which he sent up with every delivery. But it would just come back empty. So his next move was to go up with the packages himself—even if this meant climbing into the tiny dumbwaiter compartment, crouching in an uncomfortable ball, and having Jack hoist him. This worked out a little better, but, unfortunately, he was often too heavy for little Jack to handle, and getting off the ground was a trick. One day Jack had him up about even with the first floor when he couldn't hold on to the rope any longer. Down came Bob, groceries and dumbwaiter in a crash landing; just one goulash mess at the bottom of the shaft. That ended *that* enterprise!

I think that my favorite memory of Bob is when he was still in grammar school and decided that American meals needed pepping up. One day when he got home from school to learn (via a note on the mantelpiece) that mother and I were out shopping, he realized his great chance had come. He'd make supper for the family.

We saw his achievement spread out on the dining room table as soon as we got in. For a few seconds it looked great—that is, if you will admit tired women will eat anything if they don't have to cook it themselves. There seemed to be two courses: big thick sandwiches—and something addled-looking in plates. The sandwiches, it developed, contained ham sliced a quarter inch thick on an even thicker base of horseradish sauce. In the plates were eggs and bananas scrambled together!

tasty dish . . .

He couldn't understand why we sat down and howled—until he took a bite of one of his ham and horseradish specials. Then *he* howled and ran for the water cooler!

It was in the writing end of entertainment that Bob was first interested. He was barely out of high school and I was in the first throes of a vaudeville career when he took to making up little songs and "patter" for my routine. His way of writing was quite unorthodox. He would get a small stub of pencil, stick it into his pocket, and then go lie on the beach all day. By nightfall, the song or playlet, whichever it was he was creating, was all formed in his mind. Taking out his pencil stub he would write steadily until it was finished.

Well, all these assorted facts are the little odds and ends of Bob Mitchum that nobody seems to have been able to stuff into the stories that have appeared about him so far. Somebody once did write that he was caught stealing as a little boy. But they forgot to add that he was stealing a rose for his mother! Somebody else mentioned that he was a failure in his first business attempt in Long Beach—parking cars. They didn't dig deeply enough. He wasn't a failure. He quit because, as he said, "Aw, parking cars is about as interesting as shuffling cards, and can you imagine doing that all day long?"

Not long ago I went to see a preview of Bob's new picture, *Blood on the Moon*. He has quite a fight scene in it and while it was going on I heard someone in the seat ahead of me say, "Look at those padded shoulders of his!"

I couldn't help leaning over and saying, "I beg your pardon but Mr. Mitchum has a 28 inch waist, a 45 inch chest and his shoulders are a good two feet across!"

See what I mean? You've got to have all the details to know the man.

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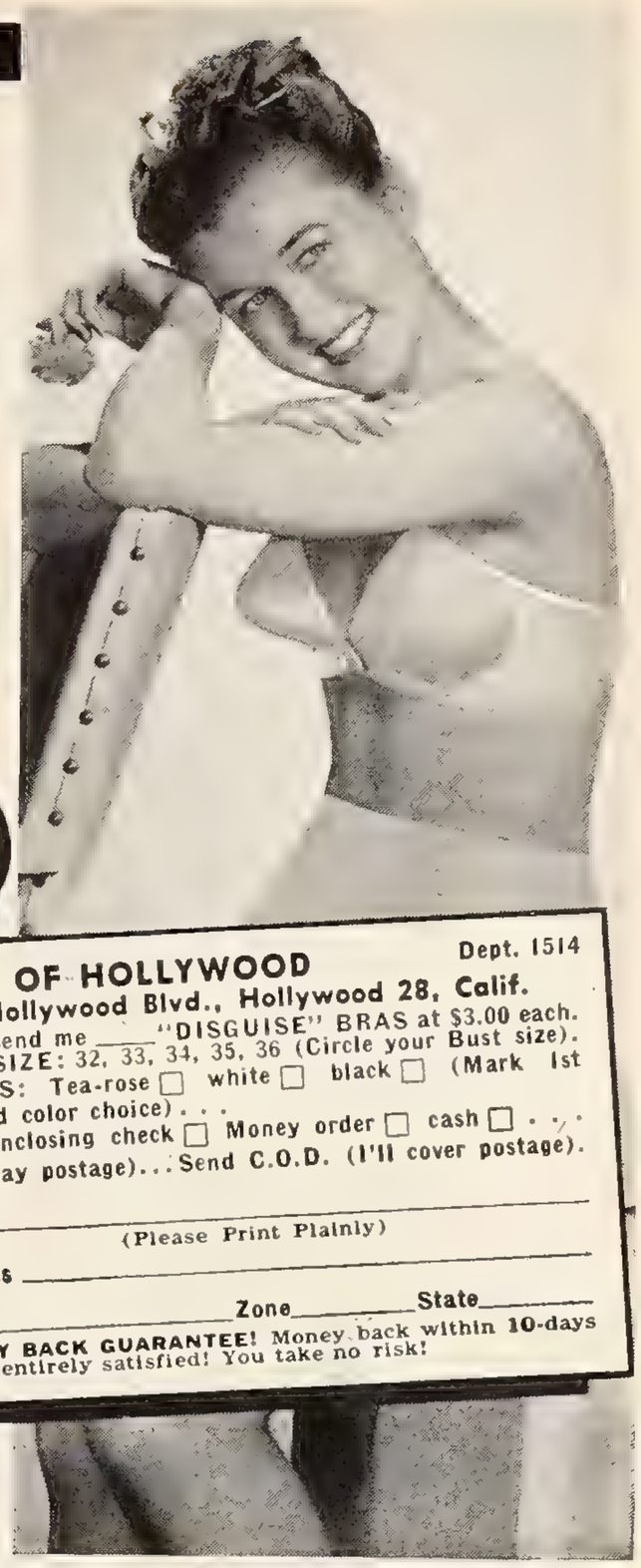
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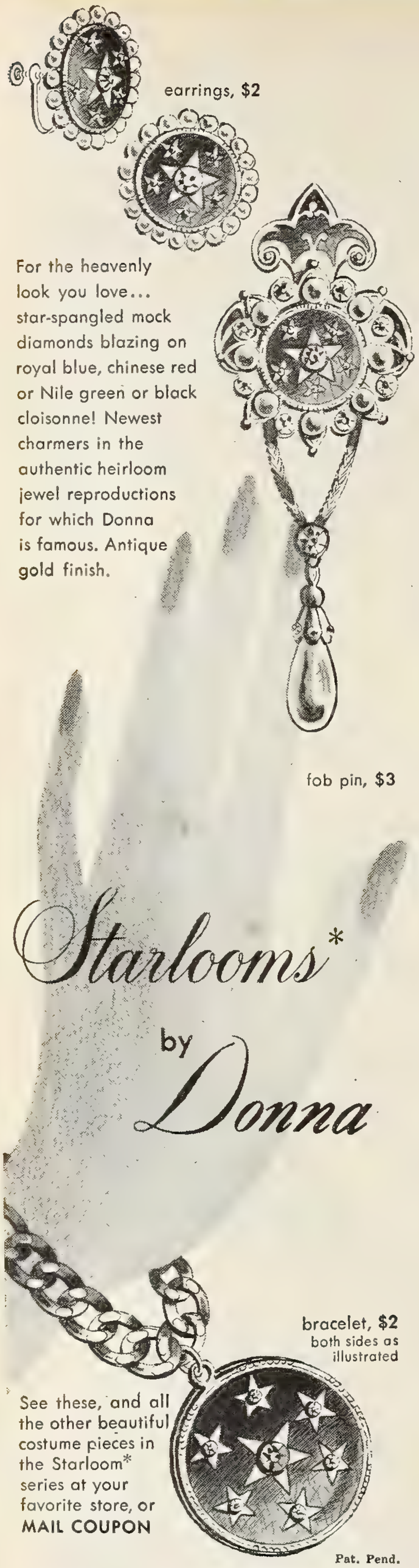
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MR. GRANT BUILDS A DREAM

(*Continued from page 64*)

Drake, the actress, she's returning from—"

"From a triumph as the star of *Deep Are The Roots* on the London stage!" Cary finished the sentence in a rush, and added, thoughtfully, "Attractive girl. I saw her in the play; I thought she was wonderful."

"Would you like to meet—?" But Merle never finished the question, because Cary jumped in:

"Do you know her?"

Merle said she did, and a few minutes later, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake were face to face with the open door of an introduction between them.

He said, "Care to dance?"

She nodded her soft firm chin, and melted into his arms. The two of them became a single gliding figure on the dance floor, as music consumed the world around them. . . .

Six months later, the scene is Stage 12 at the RKO Studio in Hollywood. Two dressing rooms stand side by side. The name on one says, "Betty Drake"; the name on the other is "Cary Grant." On the Bulletin Board, the name of the picture is, *Every Girl Should Be Married.*

The male star of the picture is Cary Grant, and his leading lady—on and off the screen—is Betsy Drake.

This is how it happened. . . .

After they finished their dance aboard the Queen Mary, they turned and wandered out on deck. The wind touched her hair, as they moved across to lean against the rail and watch the lights from portholes make a phosphorescent garden bloom below them in the water.

"Tell me about yourself," Cary said.

"I was born in Paris," she began. . . .

Betsy Drake was the first of three children born to Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Drake, then residents of Paris, where Mr. Drake operated an American travel agency, and dabbled in writing on the side.

Her father's writing is the only talent clue to be found in the Drake family. His book, *Mr. Aladdin,* is in the bookstalls now.

"When I was six years old, the family came back to America—" She told how her mother and father had been divorced, with Betsy stringing along with her father.

Her paternal grandfather had founded the Drake Hotel System in this country, and her father went back to work for the chain. This meant that they moved often, lived in hotels, and Betsy's education was broken up.

At last, bored with school and burning with ambition, Betsy quit the educational merry-go-round, and went to New York to go on the stage.

As it happens to so many, it happened to Betsy Drake. No jobs.

She turned to the next best thing she knew, and landed a job modeling. Hers was one of the faces you have seen in your magazines and catalogues. "I was a Conover girl," she told Cary.

"But I didn't like it. I modeled for fashions in Vogue and also for the Sears, Roebuck Catalogue. I was the face on the farmhouse floor."

Eventually, Betsy found herself an agent. His first try landed her a place as an understudy in *Only the Heart,* a Broadway play that turned out to be Only A Flop. She never once went on the stage, because the play didn't last long enough for anyone to get sick.

Her second try at the New York Stage was again as an understudy. This time to Eva LeGallienne, who was starring in the Broadway opus, *Therese,* with Victor Jory and Dame May Whitty. That one flopped, too, and without giving Betsy a break before the footlights.

Foot-loose and fancy-free once again, Betsy fell back on her agent's ingenuity, and that worthy came up with a screen test for Hal Wallis in Hollywood. Wallis signed her for a year, so Betsy moved bag and baggage to California's glamor capital, with high hopes for a screen career.

But when she appeared at the studio, trouble began. They wanted to go all out for glamor on a remake job, changing the natural Betsy Drake into the usual Hollywood type, trimming her eyebrows, painting bigger lips on an already generous



"He's going to try and fix it!"

mouth, putting her hair on top of her head instead of letting it flow in a soft frame around her wide eyes. She said no. They wanted to change her name, and she said no again. "I don't want you to change my name, even if it does sound like the name of a cow." She sat idle for one solid year, and the only thing she did was have the measles. Then, soured on Hollywood, tired, disgusted, and homesick for the sidewalks of New York, she packed her bags again, and headed east.

Once more her shoe-leather took a beating as she made the rounds to all stage producers looking for a part in a play. Finally, she was called to read for the starring role in *Deep Are the Roots,* and was signed to play the lead for the London Company.

She was a smash in the British Isles. That was last year, and the play ran from February to September.

On the deck of the Queen Mary, leaning against the rail, Betsy told all this to Cary Grant.

It was a delightful evening, and they became fast friends aboard the Queen Mary during the all-too-short crossing. They saw each other a few times in New York, then Cary headed for his own bailiwick in Hollywood.

Now here is where the rumor hens of Hollywood began to hatch their chicks. They said that the minute Cary arrived in Hollywood, he began heating up the long distance wires to Betsy in New York. "He calls her every night," they clucked.

betsy goes west . . .

The studio says that, in three weeks, Betsy came to Hollywood of her own will.

In any case, Betsy came to Hollywood. And after she arrived and installed herself in a modest apartment, she called Cary.

The next day Cary took Betsy's hand in his hot widdle fist and marched her over to RKO to meet that studio's big production boss, who was then Dore Schary.

He probably said something like, "This is the girl I've been telling you about," and proceeded to do a good selling job, because Schary promptly ordered a screen test made then and there in his office. And the capper was that Schary himself made the test with her.

The test scene was with Betsy standing in the middle of Dore's office telling him about her career. She is scared stiff and keeps backing away across the room until she backs right into the fireplace and singes her derrière.

The test was so convincing that Schary, when he saw it, said, "Fine; she's great, sign her up to a contract."

That's where Mr. Grant threw in another two cents' worth. "You can sign half of her, Dore, the other half goes to Selznick."

Dore settled for half, and once again Cary took Betsy's hand in his hot widdle fist and led her over to meet David O. Selznick.

The Selznick test was equally successful and found Betsy's "name like a cow" on a second dotted line.

Now here's where the gossipers took a hand again. They claimed romance between Cary and Betsy—and they also spread it around that Cary had a financial interest in Betsy's contract, which Cary tells me "just ain't so!"

Grant's only proviso in the deal was that he could borrow Betsy for any independent production he might want to make, which is a clause in her two contracts, and everybody is happy as sin about the whole thing.

Then it just happened that Cary was going to make a picture entitled *Every Girl Should Be Married.* And Don Hartman, who already had Cary as the star, suggested that it might be a fine idea to



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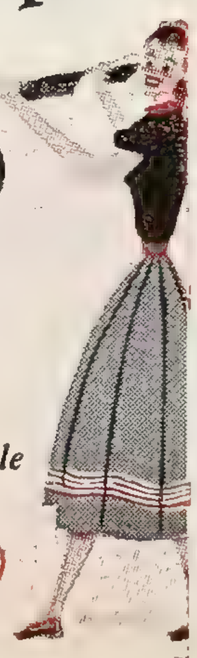


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cast Betsy Drake as the feminine lead, and Hartman suited the action to the thought.

Hence, on Stage 12 at RKO, you will find two dressing rooms, side by side, with the names Cary Grant and Betsy Drake on the two doors.

That's the way I found them when I went over to get the straight dope on this story.

I looked for Cary around the set and they told me he was in the dressing room.

"You'll find a changed man—this is a new Grant," they said. "He's the new personality boy of Stage 12." This was a little strange. Cary's usual deportment around a picture set is quiet, business-like, a bit preoccupied until he gets into rehearsal, or a take, then he's a ball of fire. When the shot is over, he goes over and sits down quietly and waits for his next turn before the cameras.

But before long, I could see what they meant. He was all over the set, laughing, joking, being entertaining.

Then, after I had succeeded in slowing him down to a walk and was talking to Betsy alone, he came back from a quick scene and poked his head in the door with a grin saying, "Don't tell Erskine anything he shouldn't know."

Betsy Drake is definitely Cary's type. She is quiet, unassuming, honest and straightforward. Her conversation runs to intellectual subject matter. Yet she is an "off-beat" character, a pixie with a wonderful sense of humor. She is not, and never will be, a production line beauty, molded to the Hollywood type.

Neither of them will discuss marriage, or romance, but they go to the Farmers Market and shop through it hand in hand looking for cottage cheese salads.

In the picture *Every Girl Should Marry*, Betsy plays the part of a small town girl who shocks all her friends with an entirely new philosophy of "how to get a man."

She is a salesgirl in the baby section of a department store, and one day a baby doctor (Cary Grant) enters to buy a pair of booties for a baby he has delivered.

The girl looks him over, sells him the booties and then says to herself, "There's the man I'm going to marry." Putting her plan to work, she courts him, sends him gifts, calls him up, and, in the end, gets him.

Hollywood says the picture is prophetic, that Betsy Drake will get Cary Grant off the screen as well as in the picture. I didn't see any signs of a struggle either way.

When I asked him about the reason for helping an unknown girl to stardom in Hollywood, he said something straight from the shoulder.

"Erskine, you know, as well as I do, that anybody needs a helping hand in Hollywood. Nobody makes it alone. So I help this girl get started. I'm a business man; it's a good investment. RKO and Selznick can make her a star, and will. Then I can borrow her for my own independent pictures. What's wrong with that?"

I couldn't argue with that reasoning. How can she miss being a star with two big studios behind her, and starring in her first picture opposite Grant?

As I started to leave them, I mentioned the picture again. "You know," I said, "with the title of this picture and the rumors about your own romance all over town, the studio will probably wind up by having you two married right after the picture is released."

Cary glanced up quickly, grinned, and said, "Not a bad idea!"

HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST ROMANCE

(*Continued from page 51*)

Take a trip around the town to the places Guy and Gail go; talk to the people who greet them there. Take Kings, where the kids like to go for sea food and where they have an upstairs table in a dark corner every time they come. They have been going there for two and a half years and their favorite waiter is Marty. He has seen them happy and he has seen them sad. He has brought them everything from Oysters Rockefeller to hot dogs. What does Marty think?

"Married," he says. "That's what I think. In the time I've known them, he has always been sweet to her. He is still sweet. But now he doesn't jump, know what I mean?"

Is that his only reason?

"No, other things too," he goes on. "Used to be they'd both order the same thing. Now they order what each likes. And then, like a lot of married couples, they share each other's dishes, know what I mean? Besides, they mix a lot of business in with the meal now. They go over their picture lines, criticize each other on how they do them, all that stuff."

Over at the Sportsman's Lodge, which is in the valley, Richard, the maitre d', doesn't agree with the above. He points to the table where Guy and Gail like to sit. It's in a sort of niche and overlooks not only the rest of the dining room, but a romantic waterfall and miniature lake outside.

"No, they're not married," he claims. "They come for dinner and they stay till they close the place. Is that marriage? If she has no appetite he gets worried and keeps ordering different dishes until she eats. Is that marriage? They talk to each other all night without words. Is that marriage?"

A couple of weeks ago, when the Tallyho Club threw a press party for the opening of a new duo piano team, Guy and Gail showed up early and stayed late. After they left, there was a sharp division of opinion. Nick, the maitre d', led the not-married faction. "They're too devoted," said Nick, admitting to being a happily married man himself.

But Ted Kaye, one of the pianists, held they were newlyweds. He reported that Gail and Guy requested he play "Falling In Love With Love," and that, he claimed, is a favorite with newlyweds.

And so it goes, from Charlie Foy who says, "No, they're not married. They have too much fun," to Peg O'Cleary who runs "Talk O' The Town" and says, "Of course they're married. He's always worried someone is going to spill a drink on her dress."

Not long ago, Guy and Gail spent an afternoon at Jimmie Fidler's pool. After they left, Jimmie was heard to comment, "I have never been convinced that those two are not already married."

Pressed for reasons, Jimmie couldn't give any definite ones. It was just the way they acted all afternoon, he said. Then he rubbed his chin reflectively and let it go at that.

You would suppose that since both Gail and Guy are seen with other partners when a quarrel is reported between them, they must surely not be married. For

instance, Guy's been noted at Kings with Judy Clark (but not at the same table!) and Gail's had dates with many of the eligibles who'd like to rate steady with her. But the next thing you know the two will be seen together again.

Yet, they are due to be separated. By the time you read this, they will be.

Guy should be in the East working in summer stock, with appearances scheduled on the straw hat circuit around Philadelphia and on Cape Cod. One of the plays he has been rehearsing is *John Loves Mary.* Since no eastern trip is planned by Gail—not so far, at any rate—they won't be together again until Guy returns to make *When A Man's A Man* with Rory Calhoun, well into the fall.

One thing is certain. Guy is taking his career very seriously. He told a friend the other day, "You can always get married, but my work has to be done right now.

"My getting a break on the screen was a kind of freak," he said. "The public liked me immediately, although I'm no shakes as an actor. Therefore, I'm going to have to work hard and make as much money as I can before I'm out—which could happen tomorrow."

Maybe this is the real Guy; the small-town boy with a streak of conservatism in him that motivates careful consideration of every step in his career.

That may be it. But in the meanwhile there are all sorts of guesses. One of the most cynical explanations of the romance was delivered a few days ago by a studio-wise veteran who was hiding from the sun in a cocktail bar.

"That Guy Madison-Gail Russell deal?" he said. "You know what that's all about? It's just a duplication of *Who is going to play Scarlett O'Hara!*

"Why it was David Selznick who kept the country in a tizzy wondering who was going to play Scarlett," he pointed out. "Now he's doing the same thing in a personal way, with one of his most valuable stars, Guy Madison. Who will be Mrs. Madison? Much talk. Much publicity. Same deal."

"Yes, but is this fair to Gail Russell?" a listener wanted to know.

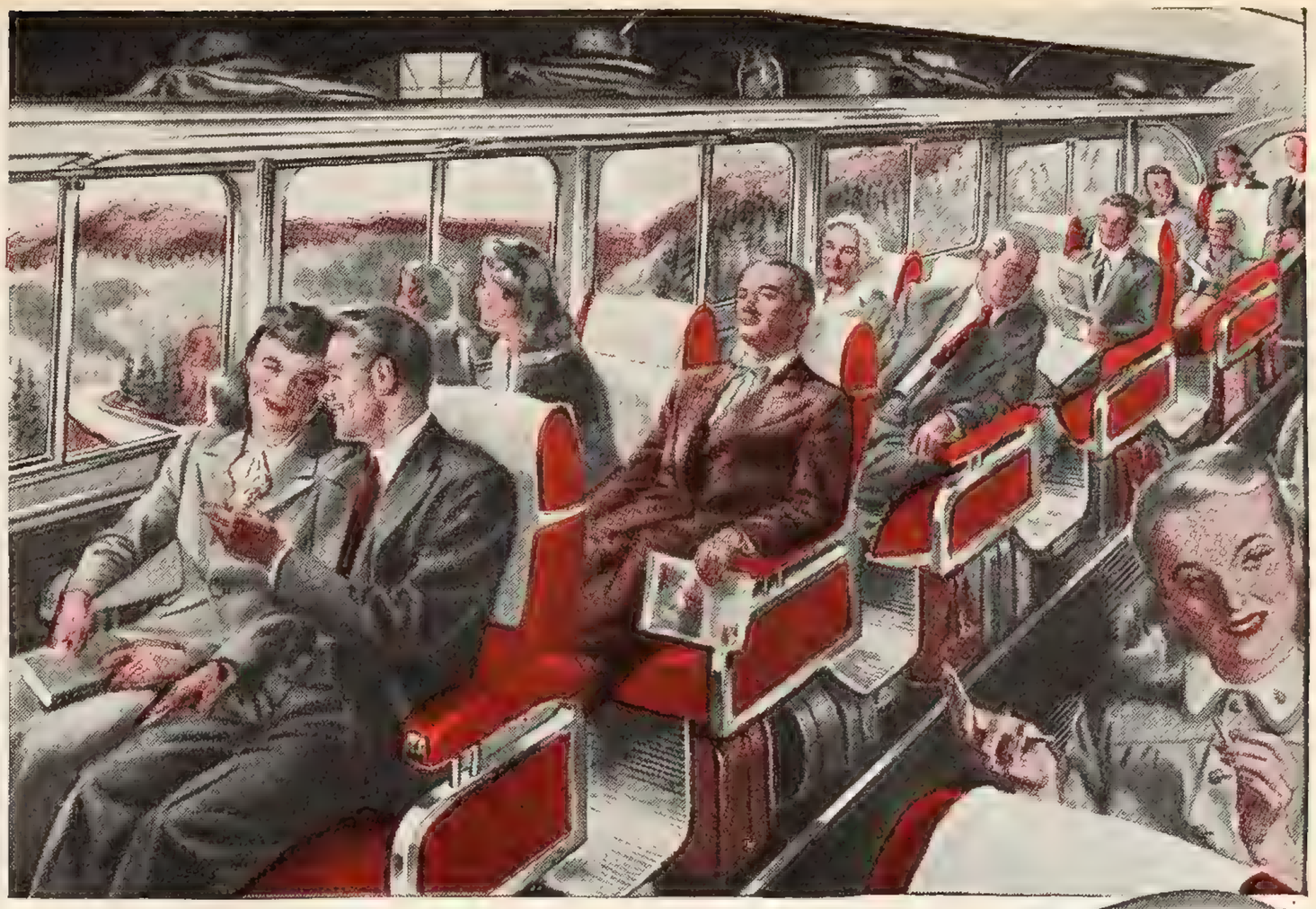
There was a snort. "It's all to her benefit, too, isn't it? Who will marry Gail? Same deal again."

"Well, who?"

But the wise bird didn't answer. His eye had been caught by something dancing around on the bar—a sort of tiny, flickering circle. He wanted to know what it was, and someone said it was probably a beam of sunshine reflected horizontally by the rear-view mirror of a parked automobile. The cynic shuddered, and slunk away deeper into the darkness. And that's where most of Hollywood finds itself about Guy and Gail—in the dark.

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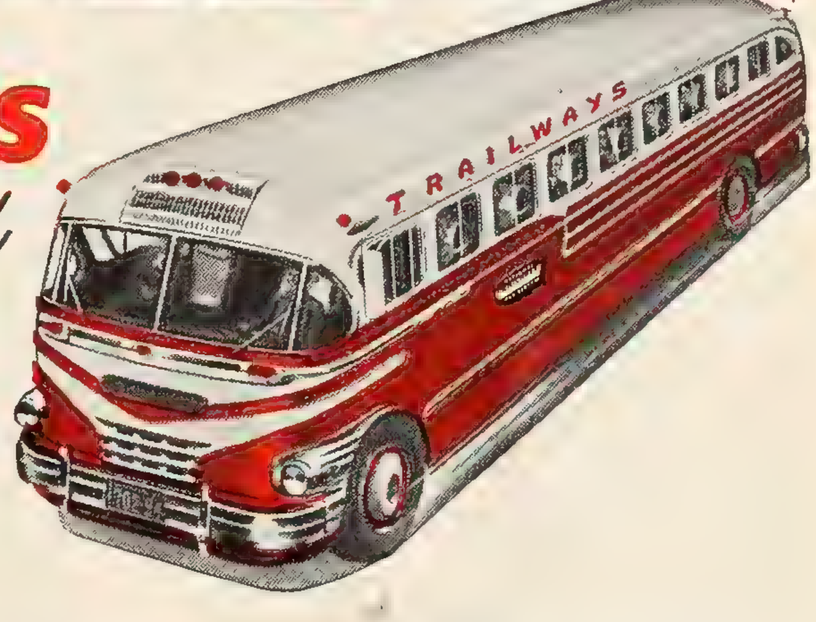
Lots of things must have happened to you this summer——more than getting a suntan or growing older. We'd love to hear about it all, but we're a movie magazine, and our pet subject is the stars. Did you happen to meet one, and did he invite you to dine at Ciro's? Well, we guess we know the answer to that. We're sure, though, that something amusing did happen to you. Write to us about it. A true, short and snappy "I Saw It Happen" anecdote is what we want. And we'll pay $5 for every one we use! Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



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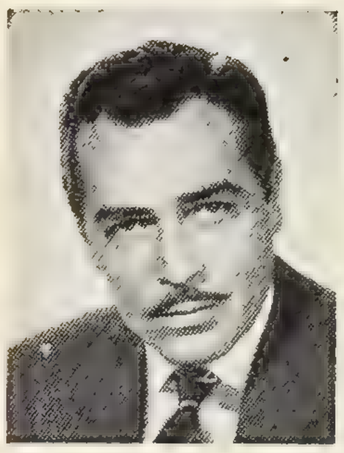
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This Is My Best: (100 points) "My Hometown," Dolores Loomis, *Perry Como journal* (Staley). "Tidbits and Tea Leaves," Sunny Shaffer, *Carole Landis journal*. "Let's Talk About Fan Club Journals," Mary Grootenboer, *Carole Landis journal*. "Inside Antioch," Amber Livingston, *Dan Duryea journal* (Grant). "Male Call," Ray Piker, *Graham Covert journal*. "Stars 'n' Stuff," Eleanor Ciccarone, *Marilyn Maxwell journal*. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1, Jean Meade, *Roy Rogers journal*. League 2, Lenore Becker, *Lon McCallister journal*. League 3 (tied), Irene Ashcroft, *Freddie Stewart journal;* Bill Vaughn, *Alan Ladd journal*. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, *John Garfield journal*. League 2, *Gene Kelly journal*. League 3 (tied), *Favorite Stars, Jack Smith* (R. Farrington) *Duryea* (Grant). **Best Artist:** (150 points) Florence Sanders, *Gene Kelly journal*. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, *Larry Douglas journal*. League 3, *Lizabeth Scott journal*. **Best Correspondents** (50 points) League 1, Berenice Olsen, Gene Autry Club. League 2, Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club. League 3, Jo Miller, Patrice Munsel Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, Nelson Eddy (Mottola Club (donated $50 to Cancer Fund). League 2, Ginger Rogers Club (donated food parcels to Dutch families). League 3 (tied), Sinatra (Moisson) Club (collected 15 lbs. of clothing for overseas relief); Vanessa Brown Club (collected clothing for DP students); Perry Como (Travnicek) Club (gave $35 to the Hospitalized Veterans' Fund). **Membership Increases** (100 points) League 1, Bill Boyd Club. League 2, Musical Notes Club. League 3, Howard Duff (Ritt) Club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) First prize, Joel Pacilio, Sinatra C. Ellen Di Simone, Sinatra C. (Ling). Janis Sargent, Peggy Cummins C. Shirley Warren, Richard Jaeckel C. Berenice Olsen, Gene Autry C. Bertie Keffer, Sinatra C. (Barone).

SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

THERE WAS A GIRL . . .

(*Continued from page 72*)

They got me out in time—but, *just about!* And while I never blamed Guido, I never cared much from then on for boys who were *too* polite.

After I recovered I went to my great-grandmother's room to tell her what happened. It was necessary that I tell her because nobody else seemed able to communicate with her. She was so old she could not understand anyone except very young children. We spoke across a hundred years of time almost—she was 102 and I was three and a half!

Everyone said they could not figure out what she was talking about, but she made perfect sense to me. I loved her house which I thought most funny, with peaks on it like the mountains all around, and I was crazy about the walls in her room which were covered with dozens of pictures; scenes of peasant girls laughing, playing, and working. I would go to the wall and pose like those girls.

In Italy, children do not start school as a rule until they are six. But when I was five I had already learned to read at home, so I entered the first grade. (I continued to be a very good student until I was eleven, and then something happened. For some reason I suddenly took on a taste for playing and going to the movies and giving advice to other girls!)

I was about eight when I went to my first costume party and you can see me in what I wore—the dress of a Hungarian csardas dancer. Those are my mother's pearls around my neck and my left wrist. The costume was made by a dressmaker in town who specialized in fancy attire for parties. The pose is by me, with a good deal of coaching by the photographer.

actresses are made . . .

The fact that I am in a costume picture at the age of eight does not indicate in any way that I already was thinking of the stage and screen as a career. A love for drama was not something that was in me from the start. No one in our family had ever been an actor or actress (although my mother had had early training as a concert pianist and my father didn't seem to mind losing money investing in syndicates to bring opera companies to our town).

Later on in school I was given a part in a "serial" stage play—with still no idea of the stage as a life work. There is a picture of the play you may notice; I am on the right with dark polka-dot dress and white apron, standing with one leg crossed in front of the other. We used to give this play every January 6th, St. Nicholo Day—which is the same as Christmas here. I was lucky that I grew very fast while the play was rehearsing and was not suitable for the original part planned for me. In that case I would have had to be the dog whom you see in the foreground, with my face always covered!

Oh, yes, two things more come to me as I look at this picture. I see I am wearing bangs, and I hated them! And I see I have lost all my blondness.

During these school days it might be interesting to note that we children were all learning what our elders called (but only in private) "fresh history." It seems that a gentleman by the name of Mussolini was in charge of things and he had all the old history books rewritten. In the new ones, all of Italy's long story seemed to revolve around one event—Mussolini's march on Rome! Also, as a consequence of Mr. Mussolini's ideas, we children all had to wear uniforms and do



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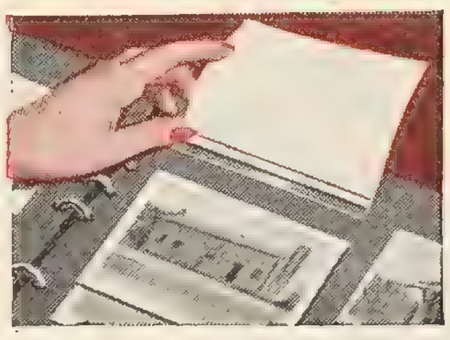
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a great deal of formation marching. I marched and marched and marched in school, and I had a sneaking hunch that one fine day Mr. Mussolini was planning some more fresh history and would order us to march all the way to Rome again. We were so far north, as I saw by the map, and Rome so far south, that I wondered whether he would permit us to go at least half way by train.

But one march on Rome in a century was enough and the order for the second one never came. I continued in school and when I was thirteen I was attending high school in Como and wondering why the boys didn't look at me very much. Not that I cared the least bit, as I kept on telling my friends. It just annoyed me that I would have to help pass notes in school, from boy to girl and from girl to boy—and not one note for me! That certainly gave me a very low opinion of boys in general and I decided that maybe my father was right. I would study Aristotle and Plato and all the other Greeks and become a great philosopher! And then when any boy tried to give me a note I would tear it up in a thousand pieces.

That's the picture of me about the time I made this decision—the one where I'm standing next to my mother, and she is in a dark jacket and scarf around her neck to match, and I'm in a white middy.

As it turned out, I didn't take up philosophy too seriously. I compromised between that and youthful romance by becoming a tomboy for a while. This meant being late for school often, riding my bicycle like mad through town, rowing a boat on the lake and generally spending a lot of time alone.

Along about this period I found a great friend and made an enemy, all at once. The enemy was my mathematics teacher at school. Mathematics was something I didn't catch very easily; it took a lot of explaining. When this teacher, an old man who was quick to lose his temper, didn't bother to help me much I got very bitter. It didn't improve matters when he heard that I referred to him as "Patatina" or "Small Potato" because he had a nose that looked like one.

end of a tomboy . . .

But my new friend made up for him. Her name was Itala and she worked as a secretary. Itala was a young lady already, almost nineteen, and I admired her so much that being a tomboy gradually lost its charm for me. I decided that growing up to be a woman was perhaps not so bad.

Shortly after this a strange thing happened. My mother told me I was to spend Christmas vacation with relatives in Rome, leaving her and my father behind in Como. I could not understand why I should leave them at such a time and she did not explain. The real reason was that my father had had a bad heart attack and the doctors were gloomy about his chances of recovery. Holding my father and me together was the closest of bonds; I adored him, and my mother thought me too young to stay home and watch the suffering of his last days.

Today, my mother in Italy has another heart patient on her hands, her own mother. It is these two that you see together reading a letter which I sent them after reaching the United States.

I was about fourteen when I got to Rome. To know its effects on me you will have to imagine an American girl from say, Bloomington, Illinois, or Helena, Montana, or Macon, Georgia, being suddenly shipped overnight to live in New York. It was bewildering at first; so many different people, so much activity and color to the daily life, so many new things to see and wonder about! And

then, quite by chance, I met a girl who mentioned very casually that she was a student at the Italian Motion Picture Academy. I was intrigued; I saw a chance to continue my schooling without having to face mathematics again.

I entered the school, but shortly afterward came word that my father had died, and I forgot all about the movies. I took the first train home and helped my mother prepare for the funeral. Until the hour we buried my father not a tear passed my eyes. When we got home after the services I went to bed and slept for two days!

At my mother's suggestion, I returned to Rome and continued my course at the motion picture academy. Some of my girl classmates are in the dormitory scene shown here and taken from one of my pictures.

All the girls who attended the school wore a sort of uniform when on the outside. It was grayish-blue in color and what you would call here a smock. It may not sound too smart but, nevertheless, we were all quite proud of it. We were sure we would all be famous some day. That may be why three of us got excited one afternoon when we were riding a bus to school and noticed a distinguished-looking gentleman eyeing us.

"I'm sure he is a big producer," whispered one of the girls. "We have impressed him and he is thinking of putting us in one of his shows."

The other girl and I laughed at this but we hadn't gone a few blocks further before this man approached and bowed to each of us in turn.

an offer from the "producer" . . .

"If I am not presuming, young ladies," he began, "may I state that I admire you all very much?"

We shivered in anticipation as we nodded and let him know he wasn't presuming and he could talk on, if he liked.

"Fine!" he cried out heartily. "Then without further preliminaries, I wish to make an interesting offer to you. Are you interested in an offer?"

We nodded again.

"I thought about it the minute I saw your smocks," he said. "I would like for all of you to become barladies at my saloon."

From that day on we used to put smocks over our smocks when in the street!

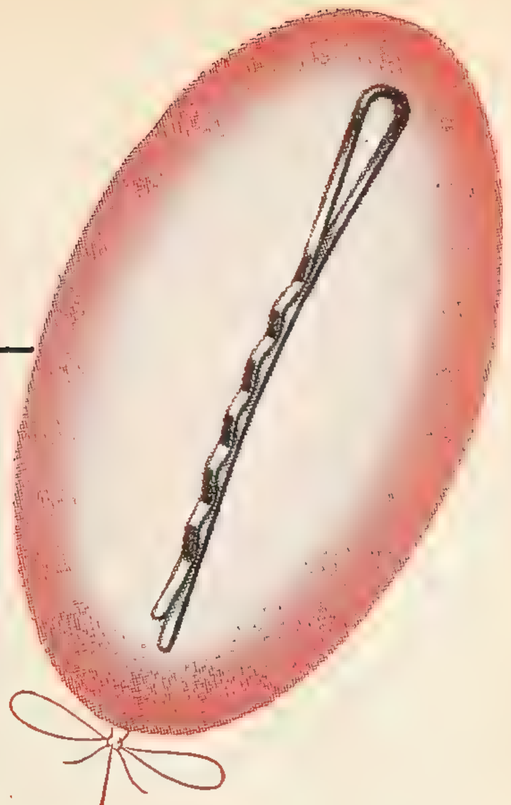
At the end of my first year in the academy, when it seemed reasonable to believe that there was a career ahead of me, I was suddenly dismissed by the school heads! They simply told me that I possessed little talent and was wasting their time and mine. And that was that! I packed up and went back to my relatives —and there I found my mother. She had come to Rome for a week's visit.

At the end of the week I was ready to return to Como when my mother suggested it would only be polite if I called at the school to make my goodbyes. And that is when my life took a movie-plot twist. Just as we were entering the school, a director and producer (who were looking for a feminine lead for their picture) were walking out, quite dissatisfied with the candidates they had seen. They stopped me and asked if I was a student. I said I was an ex-student. They, in turn, corrected me. I was probably more than an ex-student, they said. I was their new star. They only wished to see some tests of me before making a final decision.

That's the way it happened. In ten years in Italy I made 32 pictures and here I have made *Miracle of the Bells, Paradine Case* and now, *Weep No More.* Thus the world has lost a good barlady or philosophy teacher—the latter not so good probably.

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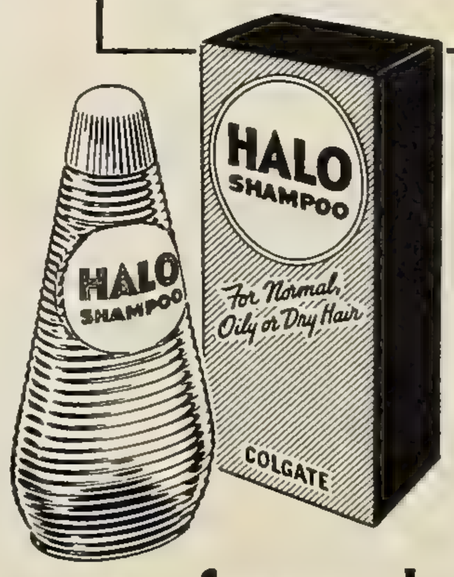
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THE CASE OF THE GULLIBLE BRIDE

(*Continued from page 67*)

regardless of theories to the contrary, some of them do like to think for themselves. They just don't often get the chance.

Lana's not an ill-tempered, huffy girl. At the opening of the Midget Car Races (the enterprise Bob Topping brought to England) the Mayor of Fulham introduced her as "Laura Taylor," which might have infuriated a real prima donna. Lana laughed, said her proper name nicely, and proceeded to be attentive to the Mayor all evening. She also smiled, waved, and generally acted charming in an attempt to please the 50,000 spectators who'd shown up.

She didn't get any credit for these gestures, and maybe she didn't deserve any. Being a pleasant human being doesn't rate medals. But she didn't deserve the riding she got, either. She didn't deserve to have various papers report that the only thing she'd said in approximately two weeks was, "I love the English country. The grass and trees are so wonderfully green." At that, she might have said worse.

Some of the misunderstandings abroad were obviously due to differences in psychology on the two sides of the ocean. There's less hero-worship of celebrities there. In England, furthermore, a newspaper is a strictly utilitarian machine—four crammed pages, and just so many paragraphs and so much time to devote to the doing of various big names. For this reason, the bitterness of English newsmen who feel their time has been wasted is extreme.

In any case, the sarcasm of the newspapers—and this goes for New York, as well as London—was certainly not echoed by the average citizen. Outside her hotel in the Strand, Lana's fans lined the street and cheered. It was almost as though they knew she'd had a rough time, and felt she was a good kid who meant well. It was almost as though they'd said, "We're all human; don't let it get you, Lana."

HOW LONG CAN YOU STAY GREAT?

(*Continued from page 63*)

casting, hiring and firing, even re-writing the script—all the while she was working in *It Had to Be You* with Cornel Wilde. No wonder the critics observed acidly that Ginger Rogers "huffed and puffed" through that ill fated effort. She was slaving away Sundays and evenings — even between takes.

Ginger tripped starry-eyed up to the altar in the very first scenes of *It Had to Be You,* an innocent, girlish bride of eighteen. She shouldn't have done it. Ginger's not the only star who clings to her youth, though.

Joan Crawford suffers agonies every time anyone whispers that she's past forty, yet life started all over again for Crawford at that very "fatal" age with her best dramatic job, *Mildred Pierce,* with her only Oscar. She's a better actress—and a more valuable one—today than she's ever been. Yet her vanished girlhood can make her life miserable, at the very time when she should be revelling in the sweets of a distinguished Hollywood career she's earned the hard way.

Greer Garson's balk against playing a mother of grown children in *Mrs. Miniver* is a classic example of the folly of making

a fight against maturity. In spite of herself, *Mrs. Miniver* made Greer Hollywood's "first lady."

Or take Greta Garbo, who, last year was offered the leading part in *Emperor Waltz,* opposite Bing Crosby.

"No," she gloomed, "I look too old."

"Wait," said Paramount execs. "We'll give you any cameraman you choose, any director you name to make a test. It will be shot behind closed doors. Not a soul will ever see it but you. If you don't like what you see, it will be destroyed."

She shook her divine head.

"You know Bing and like him," they argued further. "You saw Ingrid Bergman play with him and make a hit in *Bells of St. Mary's.*"

"I could never look young like Ingrid Bergman," vetoed Garbo.

Garbo is the greatest star in the history of Hollywood. She's still a superfine actress. But she can't see through the shadows of the years.

On the other hand, take a quick gander at the hardy perennials in Hollywood's garden of stars, the ones with the solid sense to realize that everybody has birthdays and that the number is strictly a case of who cares. Eighteen years ago Ginger Rogers got her Hollywood start in *Young Man of Manhattan* starring a French actress, Claudette Colbert. Claudette's been starring since. Being frank, Claudette announced the other day, "I'll be forty-five soon. I'm going to quit acting and direct." That's her choice and ten to one she'll be terrific.

let the years roll by . . .

Irene Dunne is in her late forties and absolutely unconcerned about it. She didn't feel one puny pang about having grown-up kids in *Life With Father,* or *I Remember Mama.* Myrna Loy started out playing the perfect siren, back in the silents. She's been the perfect sweetheart, the perfect wife, the perfect mother in natural succession as the years rolled by.

Barbara Stanwyck says, "I'm forty" and refuses to touch out the silver in her hair. And Marlene Dietrich, who was once a ballyhooed glamor queen, is today the most down-to-earth lady in Hollywood. The misery and suffering she saw, and the great satisfaction she collected from comforting GIs during the war, made her a new and more wonderful woman.

Marlene has no calendar complex left. When her daughter, Maria, learned she was to become a mother, Dietrich was shouting the news to the rooftops. "The day I become a grandmother will be the happiest day of my life," she said.

There are reasons why the difference of a few seasons brew career complexes in the outlooks of some Hollywood stars. For one, stars in the spotlight who marry younger men—even if only slightly younger—acquire almost immediately a very thin skin when it comes to acting their ages.

Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, Norma Shearer—all of these are or have been teamed up for better or worse with juniors. They're among the edgiest stars about growing old on celluloid. Norma even dropped out of pictures, although she could call her shots at M-G-M, where she's a big stockholder.

Ginger Rogers is eight years older than her husband, Jack Briggs—but what of it? They've been happy as larks all the time, and Ginger in person could pass for a woman of thirty any day in the week. Her figure's as streamlined as it ever was, there aren't any wrinkles in her cute face, she's a working Christian Scientist by religion and looks on the sunny side of life.

Privately, she's in Heaven when she's in threadbare Levis up on the 4-R (Rogers' Rogue River Ranch) and it's no pose. Which makes it seem all the more silly that a straight shooting girl like her should fall

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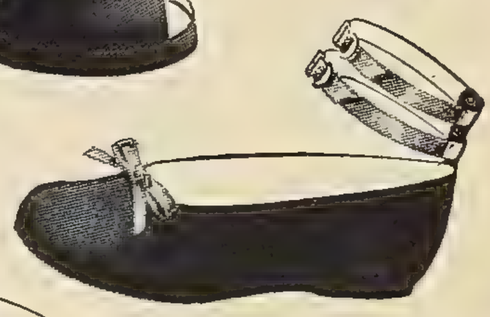
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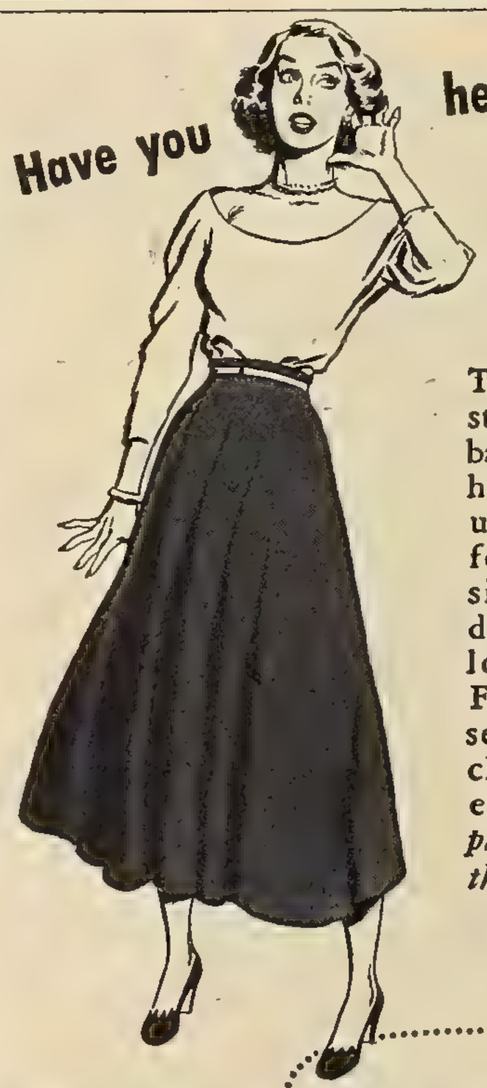
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for that same perpetual-youth come-on.

As one producer puts it, "Ginger looks at a script and says, 'Oh, but I can't play *this*. The girl's twenty-two. We'll have to make her twenty-four!' "

She's claimed in public many a time, "I'm not ashamed of being over thirty-five," and few people who know her think she is—off the screen, that is. It's just that habit some stars contract, of looking back on their good old days and trying to stay the same. Ginger has plenty of good old days to look back on. The Astaire-Rogers years, for instance.

There never has been a team with such charm, rhythm (and box office) as Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

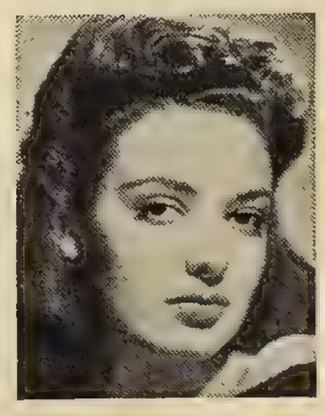
One reason Ginger finally split up with Fred was because of that cocky yen of hers to lean on nobody. She experimented next with comedy, and the experiment worked. In the hands of a couple of smart guys, Garson Kanin and George Stevens, who knew what she had and what to do with it, Ginger proved herself a terrific comedienne. *Bachelor Mother* couldn't have been cuter. *Vivacious Lady* and *Stage Door* were swell. Then Ginger sailed into *Kitty Foyle* and true Hollywood greatness.

No star ever merited a bigger build-up than Ginger Rogers did as "the white collar girl." After *Kitty Foyle,* she was the idol of millions of working girls everywhere. She couldn't have been sitting prettier. But her Oscar honor made her determine to be more of a lady on the screen.

Ginger didn't want to be the working girl any more; she wanted to be the boss. Pretty soon she chose *Lady in the Dark,* a *tour de force* written for Gertrude Lawrence on Broadway. It made money because all pictures made money then, but her success was a grand illusion. She lost a healthy hunk of her loyal Rogers rooters. She gained back some with *The Major and The Minor* which was good Rogers fare, cute and funny. Playing a 12-year-old brat briefly wasn't playing a character for keeps. Ginger's scenes in pigtails were wonderful fun but audiences knew she was only kidding, of course. She wasn't actually asking her fans to believe she was half her age, as she has been lately.

Ginger's slide started before *The Magnificent Doll.* It started in *Heartbreak,* a French re-make and one of those farces the French can pull off perfectly and Hollywood falls flat on its face with. But Ginger picked it for herself. Still that was nothing to the career boner she pulled trying to play Dolly Madison in the White

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At one of my dancing recitals, when I was quite young, I was surprised to find that the new accompanist on the piano was a lovely, raven-haired teen-ager. She asked me to call her Moneta. The audience was completely captivated by her poise and refinement, as well as by her wonderful talent as a pianist. "Isn't she beautiful?" I said to a friend. "She should be a movie star." Moneta overheard me and whispered, "Thanks, Baby-Face, I think you are cute, too." Neither I nor the audience there that night was very much surprised when my pianist became one of the most well-known stars—Linda Darnell.

Jo Anne Pennington
Dallas, Texas

House, in the film *The Magnificent Doll.*

Her friends warned her against it, but the more advice she got, the deafer Ginger turned.

Magnificent Doll was terrible, of course. Ginger's speeches were long and dull, she miscast herself and the fans wouldn't accept her. But she still says, "I don't care."

With that attitude, the future doesn't look good for Ginger. It's okay for any star to yearn for better things, but she's got to have perspective enough to admit her mistakes and correct them.

Ginger won't run back—not yet. She says she wants another *Kitty Foyle,* but *Kitty Foyle* wasn't an all-Rogers production. She was only the star. If she'd stick to that modest status, there still isn't an actress in town to give her a race in her particular, popular bracket. There isn't another "Ginger Rogers type" on the horizon; there isn't another All-American girl, there isn't as charming and cute a comedienne when she has the right story. None of those middle-distance disguises like lens screens and makeup masks are needed to put Ginger Rogers in shape. All she has to do is step in front of a camera in the hands of a producer who'll tell *her*—instead of her telling him.

Will she? Who knows? Ginger won't say anything. She's still giving interviews through written questionnaires and getting a bad press. She's still censoring all stills, ducking candid cameras. But if she'd forget her pride and holler "Help," Ginger Rogers could be greater than ever.

new lease on life . . .

Life can begin at forty, or, having begun long ago, can take on a new lease. Look at Loretta Young, with thirty years of picture making behind her, winning her first Oscar this year. And the good-looking, graying guy who teamed with her in the Academy spotlight last February, Ronald Colman—why, as a spindly unknown brat, Loretta played in his starring picture, *The Rescue,* back in the silent days.

Age for age's sake—is it so awful, really? Listen—there was a wonderful actress, a few years ago, who thought maybe she was through after a long and distinguished life of acting. When she couldn't get any jobs, she smiled philosophically, collected her modest life's savings, and decided to open a ham-and-egg café joint in Paris, France, right down from the Ritz, figuring she'd have her old Hollywood pals dropping by to patronize her.

But before her boat sailed, a wise Hollywood scenarist, Frances Marion, wrote a picture role especially for her and then got this from the studio, "Sign up an old woman to star—are you crazy?"

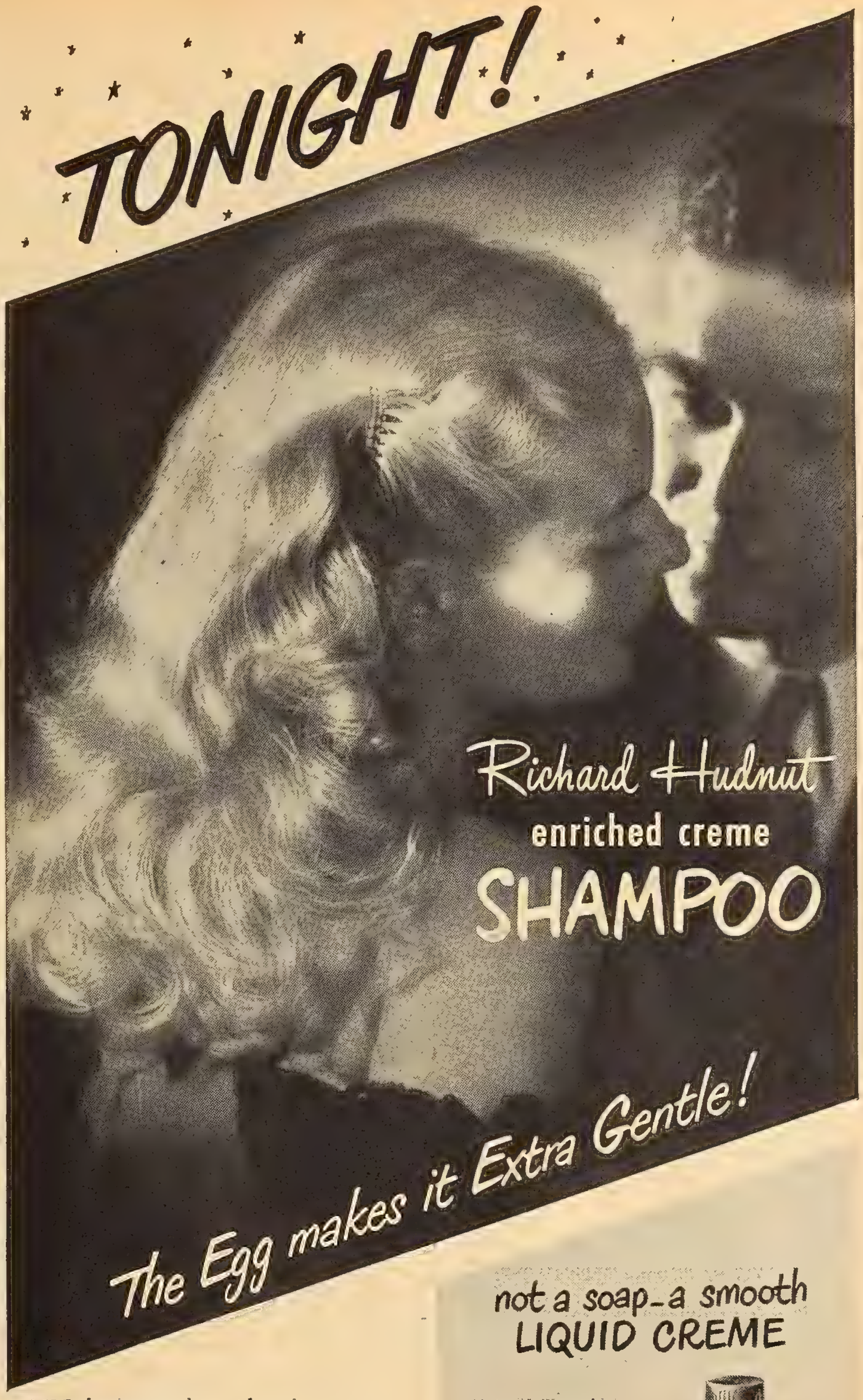
"Let me try her, and I'll pay for the test," said Frances.

Well, not too many seasons after that, the same studio staged an Anniversary Testimonial Banquet for this same old lady which was the greatest single tribute any Hollywood actress ever received. All newsreels and press wires covered the event and it was broadcast far and wide with the late Will Rogers running the show. Why not? She was just the box-office champ of Hollywood, that's all, the most beloved movie star all over the world. She was just Marie Dressler.

Studios can slip up, too, you see, and Hollywood wise men make gosh-awful wrong guesses. But so can stars—like Ginger Rogers.

How long can you stay great in Hollywood? Well, the old gag still goes around that "a star is just as good as her last picture." I think a better one is, "she's as good as her *next* picture." I, and thousands of good friends who miss Ginger's sparkle and bounce on the screen say this: "We miss you, we want you—act for us, but act your age!"

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A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



Beauty's My Business—

SAYS Nancy Bass
GORGEOUS COVER GIRL





and SWEETHEART is My Beauty Soap for its lovely Extra Lather has a FLOATING LIFT

RECIPE FOR ROMANCE — Reveal your complexion's true beauty with SweetHeart's *Floating Lift* Care. Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . . more radiant.*

• "It's a heavenly gentle action! No wonder SweetHeart Care is my pet rave," says Nancy. "It leaves my skin with a soft, radiant glow."

So help your skin have that dream-come-true look with SweetHeart's *Floating Lift* Care. You'll love the creamy softness of SweetHeart's pure, mild, fragrant *extra lather* that has a gentle *floating lift*. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* it.

Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift* off—*float* away—dirt and dry skin flakes. Exciting natural smoothness and true radiance are revealed. And the lovely SweetHeart fragrance adds to your thrilling appeal.

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



• For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous.



• *Don't let your summer romance die when vacation days are over. Win and hold that wonderful man with the breathtaking loveliness of your SweetHeart complexion!*

THEY WANT TO GET MARRIED

(*Continued from page 75*)

invitation and got the surprise of her lif The hero proved to be a slender, hand some youth of twenty-two. He had ur usual poise and a keen sense of humo His voice was gentle, but charged wi quiet authority. Within a few weeks sh had custody of all of his medals; and h had a batch of her photographs, loving inscribed.

They shunned publicity; stayed cle of night clubs; and, chaperoned by Wanda parents, took outings in the mountain where they hunted and fished for diver sion. Legend has it that their favori hangout in town was an ice-cream parlo That Murphy denies. He loathes ice crea

Soon the pair was being described "America's most romantic sweethearts Wanda was likened to a dewy mornin rose, Audie was pictured as modesty per sonified.

Actually Audie is about as shy as hand-grenade with the fuse lit. By natu he is an idealist; but experience has force him to be a realist. The war gave him tough, cynical vision which is in consta conflict with an innately warm heart. H mind is sensitive; his temper, quick. H jumps to conclusions and acts on impuls Often he later regrets his action.

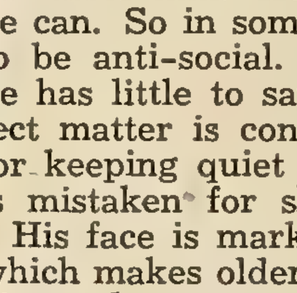
"I'm afraid to put my dukes down le I get hit where it hurts," he once told m And that is a vital aspect of his characte

He has true modesty; but is capable more indignation than Leo Durocher argu ing with an umpire. Being direct an sincere himself, the false warmth of mo Hollywood gatherings irritates and em barrasses him. He avoids them whenev he can. So in some quarters he is thoug to be anti-social. He talks little becau he has little to say. Since a lack of sub ject matter is considered no valid excu for keeping quiet in filmland, his attitud is mistaken for shyness.

His face is marked by a wistful sadne which makes older women want to mothe him and younger ones regard him as "th kid brother I would like to have."

Wanda is more gregarious. She like people in general and believes th mingling with them socially is important both her and Audie's careers. On th point, they often violently disagree. Th average party Murphy attends with re luctance and misgivings.

"I dislike the back-slapping and throat cutting that usually go on at these soci affairs," Audie explains. "I don't drin I don't particularly care about dancin



critic's corner

The best that can be said for *Song Of My Heart* is that it has actors in it; and except for Sir Cedric Hardwicke as a Grand Duke and Mikhail Rasumny as a servant, most of them look as though they might profit better by some other line of work.
Otis Guernsey, Jr., The Herald Tribune

Along with Mr. Cantor and Miss Davis, *If You Knew Susie* has Master Bobby Driscoll, aged 8. He's about the best argument I know for the passage of a federal child-labor amendment.
John McCarten, The New Yorker

hate to waste an evening prattling nonense. So I'm bored stiff at these events. Then there's always the chance of running into trouble."

At one party, Wanda wanted to dance; Audie did not feel like it. A slight tiff ensued. And Lawrence Tierney gallantly nterceded in Wanda's behalf.

"Get away," said Audie in a deadly, uiet voice. "Get away from us in a urry." Tierney suddenly decided he had usiness elsewhere.

Except for her fine dramatic talent, Wanda is a normal, wholesome girl with reckles on her face and an occasional run n her stockings. She dwells in a modest Burbank home with her parents, who oncentrate on remaining normal beings. Her father still plies his trade as a carenter. Her mother is active in community lub work. Wanda helps with the domesic chores. Most of the money she makes s being salted away for the future.

Audie lives alone in a ramshackle partment for which he pays $37 a month. ituated on a busy street corner, it is as oisy as a machine shop. For decoraions, the place has Wanda's picture, a ow of cowboy boots, several lurid paintngs inherited from a former roommate, nd a German sniper's rifle with which udie was severely wounded.

Though he does much of his own cookng, Murphy can not abide housework in eneral. So his apartment is usually trewn with old newspapers, unopened ail, clothes, and an assortment of empty in cans. When a wave of energy strikes im, he sets to with a vengeance and abors until the small hours of the mornng to get his quarters ship-shape.

n the gym . . .

For a long while he had no room at ll. He slept on a cot in Terry Hunt's ymnasium. Henry Morgan, the radio omedian, told me of the matter. He was ighly indignant because the nation's top ero had had to sleep in a gym.

I investigated the case and found that udie enjoyed his quarters. The stacked ots reminded him of army barracks. And e liked the company of the men who ung around the gym.

"Besides," said he, "there's a principle nvolved. If I pay $125 for an apartment, he next man will have to do the same. nd maybe he can't afford it."

At that time, Audie was working in *eyond Glory.* His salary was over 200 weekly. But he was helping support hree brothers and sisters whom he had emoved from an orphanage directly after is army discharge. Also, he was buying hem a house. So during his Hollywood ojourn Audie has never had much cash.

He spends what he has freely. Too enerous for his own good, he likes to ntertain his friends at expensive resaurants; and he's a soft touch for any arasite that puts the bite on him. When e gives presents, they are usually cost-y. He is mortally afraid that they will e unworthy of the person for whom they re intended. Typically, he once spent he bulk of his last twenty dollars buying n orchid for Wanda.

So it is only partially true that a lack f money has prevented their long-exected marriage. They could have pooled heir finances and lived comfortably nough. But this Murphy refuses to do. le intends wearing the pants in the amily. And if he has a wife, he's going o support her. By that, he does not mean erely supplying the bread and butter. le wants to give her everything her heart esires. Wanda would settle for far less.

When they first met, she was virtually n unknown young actress who had done everal small parts in pictures. Audie was nder contract to James Cagney. No

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Woodbury Cold Cream



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for longer-lasting, smoother Color Brilliance

Good News...your favorite FLAME-GLO lipstick is now also available in the new 49¢ size, with a stunning Swivel Treasure Case noted for its ultra modern design...gold finished in flashing metal! What's *inside* is even greater treasure, for stage and screen stars as well as leading models agree there's no lipstick that glamorizes like FLAME-GLO! Now with "Fastenol" a secret new ingredient that seals the radiant color to your lips for *hours* longer...it's water repellent. Presented in Royal Wine, Raspberry and Bull's I, as well as 10 other fashion shades. *Get Flame-Glo and you'll get quality!*

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IN GOLD FINISH
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WALTER THORNTON... originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour... no blurry edges."



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a **garland** of beauty with **judy** on the october cover of **modern screen** on sale **september 10**

great rift lay between their careers. The discussed marriage. Everyone took the engagement for granted; but they nev got around to actually tying the old kn

Then, as the little Mexican girl w gave Robert Montgomery a bad time *Ride The Pink Horse*, Wanda zoomed in prominence overnight. Paramount quick ly shoved her into the feminine lead *Now and Forever* and followed it wi another starring role in *Tatlock's Millio* She was on her way. Every studio town wanted to borrow her. She w finally loaned for the part opposite Tyro Power in *Prince of Foxes*.

Already, critics are hailing her as t acting find of the year. Her career assured. She has both the talent and t opportunity to attain top stardom and hold it. But can she hold Audie? I thi not, unless he reaches a professional su cess equal to hers. There's that pri again.

For the past year, Audie has been li ing largely on promises. He has be mentioned for a dozen pictures and on appeared in two. His name has be generously bandied about for publici purposes; so the public has been giv the impression that he's worked far mo than he has.

He has the ability. John Farrow, w directed him in *Beyond Glory*, tells r that Audie possesses as much innate ac ing talent as any beginner with wh he has ever worked. That includes Al Ladd. Audie is very good at dialects; a in mimicry he can top Wanda.

At first Audie was not overly enthus astic about the movies as a career. hit Hollywood on a chance invitation fro James Cagney, and when offered an ac ing contract, he took it. The professio he figured, was as good as any other.

Not until he met Wanda and start thinking of marriage did he begin pus ing himself. Then he found out that of the glad-handing and back-slapping had received did not add up to a job. was offered several bit parts which wou have given him little money and exper ence. But his name would have provid the pictures with a lot of publicity. Aud turned them down. He resents having h war record exploited to sell films.

He turned to writing. For the past s months he has been industriously setti down his service experiences. The sto has good commercial possibilities both a book and as a picture. It may be t solution to the financial problem of ma riage.

Meanwhile, his film prospects lo brighter. He is due to play the lead *Bad Boy*, which goes into production early fall. The yarn, dealing with t reformation of a juvenile delinquent, right down his alley. And the pictu

ay easily do for him what *Ride The Pink orse* did for Wanda.

But that would settle only the career oubles. As two youngsters in this con-sed and turbulent modern world, they ust iron out mental and emotional dif-ences before they can live in harmony. hen Audie was discharged from the my, he was classified as 50% disabled ysically. An old wound occasionally ins him. He still has violent headaches d nosebleeds as hangovers from shell ncussion. A nervous stomach often uses him to bend double in the middle meals. Nightmares haunt his sleep. ooding about the dead comrades and e horrors of combat, he sometimes falls to black moods during which he does t want to talk to anyone—even his sest friends.

Wanda tries hard to understand his con-ion and make allowances for it. But w can she really see what lies in his art and soul? At about the time she s playing *Snow White* in a little thea-in Florida, Audie was charging over ody, fireswept hills in Europe. On one casion, he was forced to lie in a hole th two dead Germans beneath him and dead pal on top. How can one explain the home-folks what such experiences to a man's mind?

Audie's three closest friends in Holly-od are Al Foster, Volney Peavyhouse, d Earl McCaskill. Al, a Cherokee In-an, works as a garage mechanic. Volney, ex-army pilot who flew 35 perilous ssions during the war, is attending a otography school. Earl, an ex-police-an who was crippled by a criminal's gun, ns a filling station.

nda's the extrovert . . .

Audie's fondness for these people is ared by Wanda, but she nevertheless is ually happy with a movie crowd. She's e extrovert.

Both Audie and Wanda are stubborn army mules. After a spat, they will go out eating their hearts out for several ys before either gives in enough to call e other up on the phone and straighten e matter out.

This they do in long conferences which ually wind up in Audie's car. They cuse, deny, admit, discuss, and finally d up with their arms around one an-her. It never fails. Neither gives a hoot out any other person. And that's the g and short of it.

In a moment of calmness, Murphy says, here's nothing wrong between us that rriage wouldn't fix up."

And that point Hendrix couldn't argue th him.

What do *you* think?



hat's hollywood!

Victor Mature was telling about a feminine admirer who cornered him in a hotel lobby. "Was she good-looking?" asked a friend with anticipation in his voice.

"She was so ugly," said Mature, "that I can just visualize a Peeping Tom reaching in and pulling down her window shade."

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

"A dress for a bowling party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. "**For office hours** I wear a tailored suit with trim jacket and widely flared skirt, set off with gold buttons, pin and earrings and sporting a separate bright cummerbund. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. *Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors a full 24 hours.*"

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You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

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. . . without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Amazing improvement — is the new Neet with *lanolin*. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs . . . to their sleek as satin look. Neet removes hair *closer* to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see — each time you use Neet — how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover at drug or cosmetic counters. Be sure — get it *today!*

FUN HOUSE

(*Continued from page 49*)

identify rare furniture markings, tell pine from oak, and real wormholes from those bored with an awl a few weeks ago. In the early days of their marriage, she used to stand happily in the doorway while a delivery man tugged a table into the house. Richard would take a fast look at it and exhale sadly.

"That was made in Grand Rapids," he'd say, "only yesterday."

"But Richard—"

"Honey, it'll have to go back. Unless you want apples growing out of it this spring."

They have kept most of the furniture bought for their first house, adding only what has been necessary for their new and larger home, a fact which points to a future lived among furniture that will become part of their lives. This is perhaps the only instance in which Dick is satisfied with the status quo of his home. He has a penchant for changing things and when he buys a house, the place is no longer safe. He rips out walls, adds windows and removes doors with astounding rapidity. Their current bedroom was originally three rooms, now made into one huge one, with June's tiny dressing room at one end. Dick discovered that the door to the den, when open, took away wall space, so he split the door down the center, put brass hinges across the break, and the door now folds neatly in half, and into a corner, leaving room along the wall for a chair.

it's jake with dick . . .

For her part, June has recently chosen and to Dick's complete satisfaction, the long coffee table for the front room, two mammoth chairs in dark green, a very old and handsome gateleg table, and the upholstery material, a striking glazed chintz, for the endless couch that runs the length of the living room wall. Mimicking Dick's inventive turn of mind, she bought a portable captain's desk and had it remade to unfold into a backgammon board. This turned out to be an unhappy thought. They have played only once, because the playing pieces do not fit into the board.

But, says June, the board looks very nice anyway.

Comfort is the keynote of the entire house, and despite the quiet elegance of the rooms, there isn't a thing you can't put your feet on, with the exception of the aforesaid glazed chintz. The colors are warm and comfortable, the living room and den walls are a restful green topped by bleached oak beams. The bedroom follows the color scheme of the one in the previous house, a deep pink, except that the walls this time are done in a quilted paper of white with a trace of pink, and the carpeting is the same pink as the material set into the wardrobe doors and the leather top of June's circular desk. The fireplace in the bedroom is of white marble, with striking silver andirons, and the lamps are beautifully worked silver with white or pink shades. The living room floor is covered almost wall to wall with a handsome, hand-woven oval rug, whose colors are predominantly brown and green. The dining room's low ceiling and walls are papered in a cozy print of chartreuse and green, and beige and dark green cottage drapes hang at the deep-silled windows. A priceless cabinet stands at one end of the room, tastefully decorated with rare old china, and three round tables are used for dinner parties.

There was a piano in the living room. Until the night June looked fondly at her

husband and said, "Honey, you study your script, and I shall play." June plays the piano in a rather aching fashion, and the next night found Dick studying his script in the big chair next to the spot where the piano had been.

The purchase of house linens has always been a favorite pastime of Mrs. Powell's. On one unhappy day she ordered a stack of things running from doilies to bathmats, all with the same monogram to be worked on each piece. The bill was staggering, and cowed by the total figure, she kept the news from Dick as long as possible. He, poor man, eventually was informed of the expenditure, but he acquiesced gracefully.

All of the Powell linens are white. There has never been a tinted towel in the house, a fact that may be connected with June's addiction to cleanliness. The kitchen is pure white, so are the dishtowels and most of the china. All bedlinens or face towels are snow white, marked only by the inevitable monogram in pale colors.

June and Dick have worked together with considerable harmony in appointing their house, despite a few stumbling blocks. The living room, extremely large, was most difficult to furnish, but it finally has been completed and the Powells spend most of their time there now. Dick has a plan hanging fire to install one of his model ships on the wall over the fireplace, surrounding it with a shadow-box picture frame and lining the background with green cloth to contrast with the bleached oak.

There is a powder room on the first floor, just off the entrance hall, that is the bane of June's life. It is not only truly elegant, but is lined entirely with mirrors, items which June considers more or less horrible. It is a quirk unusual in actresses, indicative of an astounding lack of conceit.

latest find . . .

Her most recent acquisition for the house, a ping-pong table, was made without consulting Dick. She'd yearned two years for one, and finally she drove to a sporting goods store and made the purchase, inquiring when it could be delivered.

"Tomorrow morning," said the salesman.

June looked crushed. "I did want to play this afternoon," she said. "Maybe you could put it in my car?"

"What kind is it?"

"A Cadillac sedan. You could tie it on the roof."

He smiled. "In that case, Mrs. Powell, your car wouldn't have a roof."

She looked so crestfallen that he couldn't bear it. He disappeared and returned minutes later, much happier. "The owner of the store says he will have it delivered immediately—on top of his station wagon."

And so June drove home, followed by a huge table over a station wagon, and played table tennis all afternoon. When Dick came home she was sitting demurely in the den.

"Go out in the patio," she said meekly, "and see what you see."

He was back in a minute, peeling off his coat. "Come on, I'll play you a game before dinner."

She brightened. "You mean you're not mad?"

"Of course not, smudgepot. It's just what I've always wanted."

She followed him, wondering why she hadn't bought one in 1946. And now the table sits on the brick patio, and discombobulates the entire scheme of things, inasmuch as the lawn furniture has necessarily been piled in corners to make room for the sports equipment.

Listed among June's accomplishments is her exceptional ability to iron beautifully, a talent learned in her New York days when she struggled with each individual ruffle. She has taught Teru, her Japanese maid, to

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Alert to all things modern, this young titian-top has something to say on the subject of Tampax for monthly sanitary protection.

RED-HEAD: *Isn't Tampax marvelous—the way it takes the place of the whole belt-pin-pad contraption? Do you use it?*

BLONDE: I've been thinking very seriously about it and wondering whether I should.

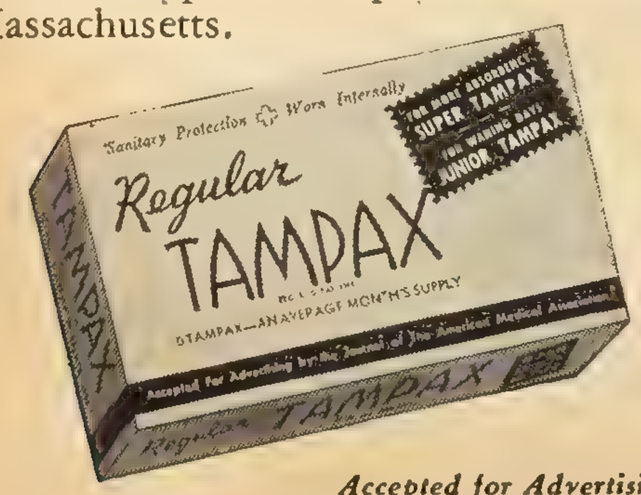
RED-HEAD: *Millions of women use Tampax and are you any different from them?*

BLONDE: Tampax must be good to be so well liked. I'm converted.

RED-HEAD: *You'll be surprised at how* FREE *it makes you feel and how much it improves your morale at such times!*

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of surgical cotton compressed in applicators. In place, it is invisible and unfelt. No belts, pins or external pads. No bulges or ridges under dresses. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal....Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug and notion counters. Month's supply fits into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

iron equally well, and one day she decided to investigate the washing department, more out of curiosity than ambition. She opened the pantry closet that houses the washing machine and eyed the white monster with uncertainty. She read the directions, poked an armful of clothes into the machine, and blithely disregarded instructions to add a half cup of soap by pouring in a whole box of soapchips. After all, according to Allyson, nothing can be too clean.

She was upstairs ten minutes later when she heard an uproar from the direction of the kitchen. Casey and Pat, the two miniature poodles, were yipping and bouncing about in great agitation, and June flew downstairs to investigate. The pantry floor was covered knee-high with glittering soapsuds, in the middle of which were the dogs, having the time of their lives. After considerable skidding, June rescued them from the flood and was confronted by her husband.

"What on earth—" began Dick.

"I guess," said June sheepishly, "I forgot to close something on the washing machine."

"Possibly the door," suggested Powell.

After a year of this sort of thing, the house is gradually changing its original appearance of formal reserve. A stranger might not notice it, but if you know the Powells, the house seems to smile at you as you turn into the driveway.

I HATED MYSELF . . .

(Continued from page 58)

make it any the less deadly. It isn't just the business of whether you act the same to your old friends or pamper yourself with luxuries and the like. It is far more important than that. *It is a threat to your whole usefulness;* and since real happiness is bound up in being honestly useful, it concerns happiness as well.

The idea is this: I am a young man who has worked hard most of his life, and the best thing I can bring to my present business of acting is the honest experience and reactions of such a fellow. As such, I stand a chance of being effective in entertainment because as such I will be believed and accepted by the people before whom I appear. The second I stop being that fellow and start being a Special Person, I start killing the most valuable thing any man has, his own identity.

Hollywood has a thousand little traps to fit you into the system, and he who refuses to fit lives an uncomfortable life. You go to a restaurant where people are waiting for tables. You are content to join them. No good. There is a little flurry in the group and a waiter comes through.

"If you will come with me, Mr. Lancaster, we will have a table."

You start to say, "That's all right. I can wait . . ." and you realize that everyone is looking at you. A minute ago, when they didn't recognize you, you were one of them. Now you are something apart. Whatever you do, you're going to seem a phony. There is nothing left to do but follow the waiter.

At the studio you walk onto the set and one of the set hands straightens up with a start when he sees you.

"I'll get your chair for you right away," he announces.

You stop him. "I can get my chair," you tell him. "I appreciate your kindness, but it isn't necessary."

He looks at you, his whole attitude one of defeat as you go ahead and get it yourself. The rest of the day you can feel

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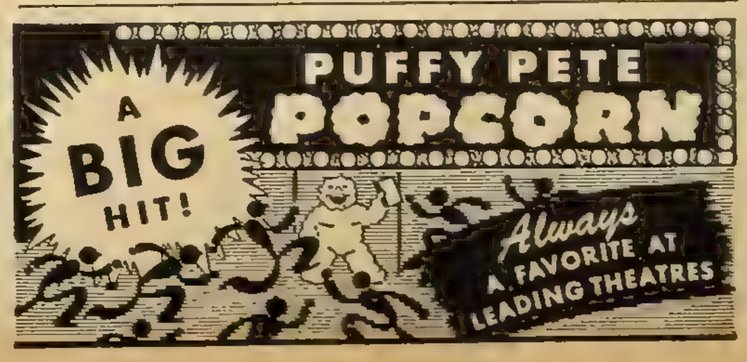
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him staring and you know that all you have done is thrown a monkey wrench into Hollywood's well-oiled gears.

The worst of it is that the same system extends away from Hollywood, too, in those places where professional people are accustomed to gather. Once, in New York, I had an appointment for a magazine interview at a swanky east side club. You know the club. The host is famous. He's always either barring someone from entering or handing someone else a valuable gift. He did both with me inside of five minutes.

I arrived there a few minutes before the appointment wearing what I generally wear: white shirt, blue suit, dark shoes. The haughty doorman not only made no move to open the door for me, but stood so I couldn't open it. I told him I was due inside. He studied a while, and then grudgingly admitted me. Inside I had to go through it all over again with the captain of waiters. His decision was that I might sit at the bar—but no more.

Inasmuch as I was to be interviewed by a lady, it seemed to me more fitting to get a table. Ignoring the captain I made for a corner of the dining room. Out of the side of my eye, I saw the captain straighten up angrily and start for me.

Now up to that minute I was getting what you might say the average American gets—the snub-off. And, oddly enough, though I was sore, I was also getting a bang out of it. Maybe all the coddling I had been receiving in Hollywood had built up an anger. Who knows? I waited for that captain to get to me with almost joyful anticipation. Maybe we would do battle. Maybe I'd turn yellow and make for the bar like a whipped dog. But it was not to be.

the captain turns . . .

One of the bus boys must have recognized me because I caught a flash of him grabbing the captain's arm and heard a fast, whispered exchange between them. As I reached the table someone was already pushing a chair under me. Directly in front of me the captain appeared, performing a transformation of character that belonged on the stage; he was calling me by name. Before I could catch up to the new status of things, a bottle of champagne, compliments of the host, was set on the table. It was all over, my little moment of average-man-treatment. The lard was being slapped on again.

Perhaps, if I didn't have an ambition to produce pictures, I would not take all this so seriously. I am not sure. But I do want to produce pictures and, as far as I am concerned, the better pictures from now on will be those that depict both people and situation faithfully. How will I ever be able to know what is true and what is false in my own life if my way through it is always so greased that I never rub against a rough corner or see an honest face?

In *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands* there are a lot of sequences in which I drive a truck but my features are not recognizable because the action takes place in shadowy night scenes. As is the custom, a double was put on to take my place in these shots. I kicked.

"But why do you want to drive the truck?" asked the producer. "Nobody will know it's you."

I tried to explain that since I was supposed to be a truck driver I wanted to *feel* like one. They let me do it, but I doubt very much whether I convinced anyone.

A good illustration of what I mean is a picture on the screens of the country's theaters today—and not too many people are seeing that picture. About a year ago, I was called by a major studio and asked to play opposite one of the industry's top



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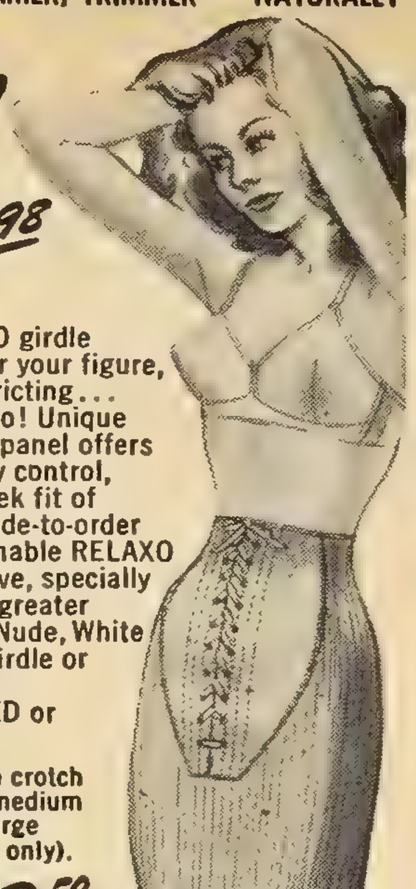
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actresses. I took the script home and reported by telephone the next day that I would rather not play the part. They asked me if I would come over and explain my objections.

When I walked into the office of the head of the studio I found a half dozen of his top men seated around him. I knew that they were assembled for only one purpose: to overawe me.

They had years of experience among them—a total of more than a hundred years in aggregate. Nevertheless, I went over the script, page by page, and told them why I didn't like it. My objection was simple. I didn't find the man I was supposed to play believable.

When I was finished they started in on me. They pointed out that I was setting up my own immature judgment against the judgment of a group of men who had made some of the most important pictures in history. They tore my argument apart technically. They even won, you might say. Except that I still refused. The picture was made and it proved to be an awful bust. Now I don't for a moment take this as an indication that I am a genius. I said no in the producer's office for the same reason that people are saying no when the picture plays their neighborhood theater. I just didn't like the guy I had to play. Neither do the people who see him on the screen.

why couldn't they see? . . .

What worries me is, why didn't the producers see it as well? When did they lose their appetite and appreciation for truth and where did they pick up the false values which made them think they had something worthwhile? I think I know. It starts with superficialities that appear at first to be harmless features of Hollywood living but grow to be deep-rooted snares that hold one back from realism.

"Aw, you're hipped on the subject, Burt," said a friend of mine just the other day.

Maybe. But I have a deep hunch I am right. Soon after I began to feel this way, I did something that some people thought odd. I asked the studio for a little space where I could put the horizontal bars on which I used to do my act. I also sent for my old vaudeville partner, Nick Cravatte, to work out with me. We go through our routine almost daily. Swinging on those bars does something for me. Sometimes in the middle of a session, I realize that for minutes I have forgotten all about Hollywood; again I have been just a guy who happens to be an acrobat and is busy doing his work. It's a wonderful feeling.

not mr., but buddy . . .

Once, in this mood, I noticed that spots of rust were beginning to appear on some of the shackles that hold the apparatus firm. Without thinking, I walked down to the shops in the studio and asked a fellow if I could have a little lead paint. He looked at me casually and said, "Come back after a while, buddy. I'm too busy to bother now."

"Okay," I said and turned away. I had gone about a dozen steps before I remembered that he had called me "buddy" and realized that, not only had he failed to recognize me as one of the studio stars —*I had forgotten* about it myself!

Maybe you won't understand, but somehow that was a really great moment for me!

Because I *know* the world is not a place where everybody is supposed to take special pains to be nice to Burt Lancaster. And if I can hold that thought, Hollywood notwithstanding, I won't have to hate myself any more, and my trouble will be over.

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MY FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS

(Continued from page 45)

and material, but beyond that, he brooks no interference.

Howard Greer, who's an equally outspoken fellow (he can afford to be: his customers include Irene Dunne, Deanna Durbin and Rita Hayworth) claims that Paris fashions are over-rated. "The legend that Paris is the style capital of the world is kept alive by a lot of snobbish buyers and frustrated women's fashion writers who like to make trips abroad," he says sternly.

Next to women's fashion writers, Greer disapproves of women fashion designers. "They're too egocentric; they design things that would flatter themselves. They're not objective—"

He also informed me that Joan Crawford can't wear tight skirts, Greer Garson can't be talked out of anything once she's made up her mind, and Claudette Colbert always starts off with a lot of brave new ideas, and ends up with a Peter Pan collar.

"But that's okay," Greer says. "In Peter Pan collars she looks good."

He—Greer—and Adrian have been established for years; so has Irene, who's not only head designer at M-G-M, but also runs her own place away from the studio. She likes to outfit Esther Williams (*"Such* a figure!"), Katharine Hepburn and Judy Garland.

Marusia and Madame Genia are newer to the designing scene, and they both think Paris fashions are nice—but not for American women. Too complicated, they say. Genia once had her own salon in Paris, and she should know.

The story connected with Marusia's start in business is amazing. She's married to Don Wilson, the Jack Benny announcer, and two years ago, the whole Benny gang was supposed to take a trip to Hawaii. Marusia designed herself a wardrobe. The trip was called off. Result: frustration. So Marusia gave a small fashion show for her friends. We came, we stared, we tried to tear the things right off her back.

"You ought to be designing professionally!" somebody said with awe, and Marusia smiled sweetly, and proceeded to do just that.

I recently looked on while Paulette Goddard bought a Sunset-satin, off-the-shoulder job from Marusia, who specializes in rather low-cut gowns, complete with built-in bras. "Social security," she calls the hidden supports.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While waiting on line to get into a broadcasting studio, I noticed a man with long hair who looked like he was badly in need of a haircut. Since my father is a barber, I remarked to my friends that people like him could put my Dad out of business. The man overheard me and said he was sorry. Later, in the studio, I was shocked to learn that the victim of my joke was Ray Milland. He had let his hair grow long for a movie he was making.

Ann Venuto,
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Marusia serves her customers champagne over ice, demands only one fitting, and has been known to glare coldly at stars who complain they'd be afraid to wear her revealing finery.

"Madame," she says, on occasions like these, "you will never have an embarrassing moment in one of my creations."

All five of these designers have two shows a year. In May (for fall and winter things); in December (for spring and summer). Adrian uses ten models (he has six regulars all year round) and Irene, Genia and Greer each uses five. Marusia does her own modeling—all of it.

Genia's clothes are most expensive—they start at $350—but she justifies this by saying they never go out of style. She'll fix you a basic daytime or evening dress that you can wear ten different ways, by tricking it up with a scarf, a belt, a pin. Ingrid Bergman's been heard to say, "Genia designs a dress so it is a perfect setting for a woman. Men notice the woman, not the dress."

Genia uses dolls for miniature models; there's a Bergman doll, an Ida Lupino doll, etc. (Howard Greer likes this system, too.)

Irene (and Greer and Adrian) use sketches, and Irene also has individual muslin "forms" or "dummies" with the exact dimensions of the star she's designing for.

Marusia, who's practically a one-woman-band, designs her own fabrics, embroiders the samples, and then sends them to Italy where the material's made up and dyed.

None of the designers likes to name any special dress he or she considers his "best," but Greer has a weakness for Shirley Temple's wedding-gown; Irene remembers fondly a Dietrich wardrobe—Dietrich was going to Europe with it, and it was designed for "a woman in love"—and as far as Adrian's concerned, it wasn't Loretta Young's *acting* that won the Oscar this year, it was his emerald green dress!

The stylists all state emphatically that the stars have no designing ability whatever. "Acting and dress-making," Greer states, "are two different professions."

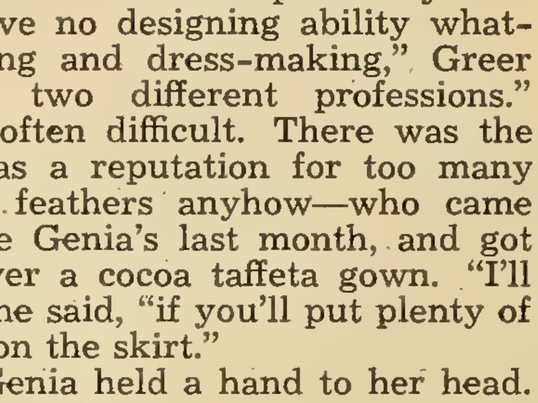
Stars are often difficult. There was the lady—she has a reputation for too many flowers and feathers anyhow—who came into Madame Genia's last month, and got sloe-eyed over a cocoa taffeta gown. "I'll take that," she said, "if you'll put plenty of embroidery on the skirt."

Madame Genia held a hand to her head. "Oh no," she said.

"Unless you put embroidery on the dress," said the star, "you won't have me for a customer."

Madame Genia smiled politely. "Then I'm sorry, Miss X," she said. "I won't have you for a customer."

Which reminds me of Howard Greer's caustic observance about the same star. "If somebody didn't watch her," he says, "she'd wear three hats at a time."



that's hollywood!

It had to happen to him, of all people. Laraine Day tells about the telegram received by the suspicious wife of a producer who had gone to New York to look over the shows.

"Having wonderful time," said the telegram, "wish you were her."

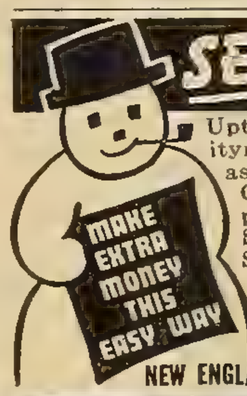
from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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"I'M GOING TO MARRY TY!"

(*Continued from page 57*)

get a one-piece bathing suit with an attached skirt? Surely, no one had such a monstrosity in stock any more. No need to have worried, though. One telegram to mother in Mexico, and by return mail, a black woolen suit with lace trimmings and hip-pockets arrived. Paris fashion 1924. Strictly Clara Bow type.

Our next and rather unpleasant preparation consisted of getting a series of shots and vaccinations. Typhus. Tetanus. Smallpox. But it's all over now.

Ty, Jim Denton (Ty's friend and 20th Century-Fox publicist) and I will leave Chicago, make two stops (in Newfoundland and the Azores), and then land in Lisbon. Mother will fly to Lisbon from Mexico City and meet us at the airport. So will Ariadna, my sister, who is coming from Switzerland. My brothers, Gerry and Eddie, also wanted to join us, but Gerry will have to attend to his import-export business in Mexico, and Eddie, who's only 16, can't stay away from school long enough.

We'll all drive to a small hotel about 20 kilometers outside Lisbon. In 1939 Ty was there. He described it so well, I feel I already know the place. We'll stay two days. Ty and Jim, who always accompanies Ty on his trips, will drive to Madrid in Ty's new convertible which has already been shipped to Portugal.

Mother, Ariadna and I will fly directly to Tangiers, where my sister is going to be married to Ellio Rikki, the well-known engineer and yachtsman. Ellio, who is half Spanish and half Italian, and Ariadna will make their home in Rome, although Ellio's family is living in Tangiers.

date in madrid . . .

A week later, mother, Ellio, Ariadna and I will fly to Madrid to meet Ty and Jim, and continue our journey together.

Our next stop will be Valencia. There we'll put the car on board ship and take a cruise to Ivetza, a small island on the west coast of Spain. Next, on to Majorca where, Ty says, the bull fights, music and aroma of orange blossoms are equalled nowhere in the world. After spending three or four days on the island, we'll take a ship to Barcelona.

Throughout Spain, Ty will be the guide, since Spain is one of the few European countries I've never seen, but always dreamed about and wanted to visit. I speak the language and have studied their customs. But you don't really know any country until you've lived in it.

As soon as we cross the border into France, Ty and I will change places, and I'll be guide.

Our first French stop will be St. Paul, a picturesque little town not far from the Mediterranean. I have a very special reason for wanting to show it to Ty.

Ariadna and I went there last year. I remember the sunny day when we took a walk through the town. Narrow, cobblestone streets. Iron gates. Small, ancient-looking balconies. Overhanging roofs. Flower-boxes on the windows. An atmosphere of leisure and content.

We came to an old house, with rusty iron gates, and painted shutters. Crouched low to the ground, it was huddled against the mountain skirts. There was something strange and mysterious about it.

"I've got to go inside, Ariadna," I said, as we stopped in front of the wooden door hung on two rusty hinges.

"Oh, no," she gulped, "you can't do that, Linda." But while she waited outside, frightened and protesting, I slowly

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opened the door, then closed it again quietly, for fear of attracting attention. I don't really know what had come over me, breaking into a strange house, but I couldn't resist.

It was almost dark in the hallway. But through the window on the far side, the garden glowed and the trees were afire with sunshine in the sleepy, vine-covered patio. I could hear the splashing of a fountain.

Tiptoeing past the door on my right, I ascended the winding stone stairway. On the second floor was another door—partly open. Still on my toes, I pushed the door open all the way.

Suddenly, my heart stopped beating.

Facing the door, in a grandfather's chair, sat a lean, dry woman with ancient eyes, looking as though she'd lived there for a hundred years. Her expression was grave, almost to a point of sorrow. She couldn't have weighed more than sixty pounds.

I don't really have an explanation for my strange behavior, but when she opened her lips to say something, I screamed and ran downstairs. I don't know what she wanted to tell me, but her lips moved as though she meant "wait," in French.

Once outside the house, I grasped Ariadna's arm and we headed back to our hotel as fast as we could.

"You'll be all right tomorrow, Linda," Ariadna said. But the next morning she wouldn't go back to the old house with me, and I didn't dare to go alone and to find out who the woman was and what she was doing in that lonesome house all by herself.

I've told Ty about it. I've spoken to him about the mixture of curiosity and fear that drew me back to the house. He has promised to take me.

After St. Paul, we will go to Portofino, a small Italian fishing village on the tip of the peninsula between Genoa and Rapallo. It's a beautiful spot, quiet and restful. The hotels, there are only two, are built in the same style as the buildings the fishermen live in. Two or three stories high. Painted in pastels. In Portofino, automobiles, tourists and running water are practically unheard of.

Eventually my father will meet us in Rome. Henry King, the director of *Prince of Foxes,* will also be there to discuss with Ty the final preparations for the picture.

But Rome will be only the beginning for Ty and me. Once more we will pack our suitcases for the most important journey of our life. The exact date of the departure depends on the shooting schedule of the picture. If it starts immediately after we get to Rome, we'll have to wait three or four months. If we have an extra two weeks, we'll leave immediately.

Our destination—Florence.

Our purpose—marriage!

We hope to have the ceremony held in the chapel of my old school, Paggio Imperiali, a little church on top of a hill overlooking the city. From the square in front of the church entrance, you can look down on Florence and the beautiful river Arno.

I always knew that if I'd ever get married, this would be the place I'd choose.

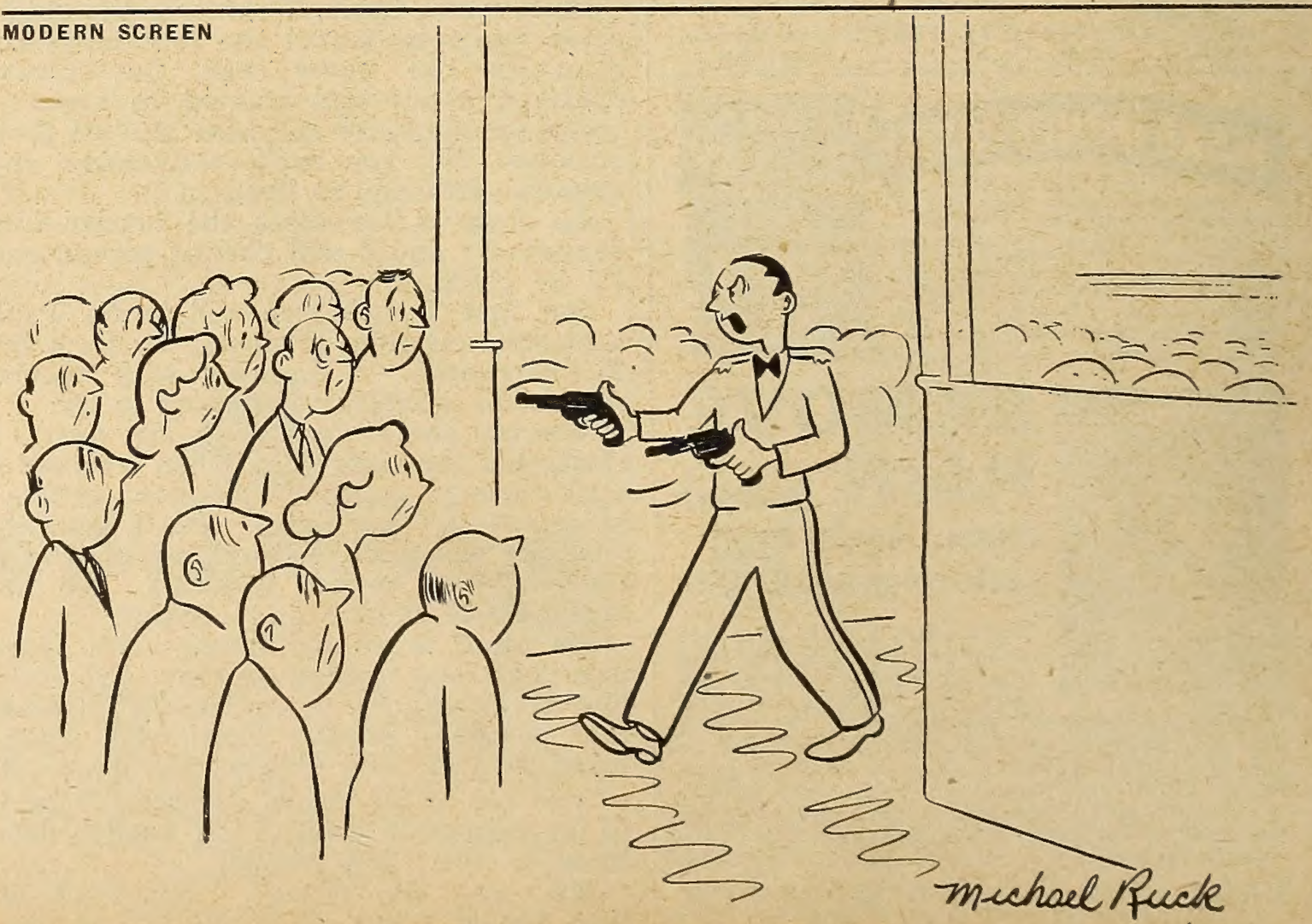
Both Ty and I are Catholic. According to California law, his divorce from Annabella won't be final until January. But according to the law of the Catholic Church, Ty has never been legally married, because Annabella was divorced previously. The Catholic Church doesn't recognize divorces. This being the case, we hope we'll be allowed to go ahead with our plans. (If something goes wrong, we will of course have to wait until Ty's divorce from Annabella becomes final, and we'll most likely be married in the States, in February.)

We want our marriage very quiet. No expensive trousseau. No champagne. No crowds. Our only guests will be my parents, my sister Ariadna and her husband, and Jim Denton.

I shall wear a simple white dress, the mantilla my mother wore at her wedding, and my grandmother and great-grandmother wore to theirs. My only jewelry will be a golden brooch, the Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico. Last Christmas I gave Ty a little medal of the Lady of Guadalupe also. He has worn this on a chain around his neck ever since.

We are hoping to honeymoon in Switzerland. When we do get back to California, we want a home. And a family, of course. I shall give up my career as an actress, and stick to painting and sculpturing—and trying to make Ty happy. We feel our private lives have been in the spotlight too long already.

All we want to be from then on is just Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power of Beverly Hills, California.



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